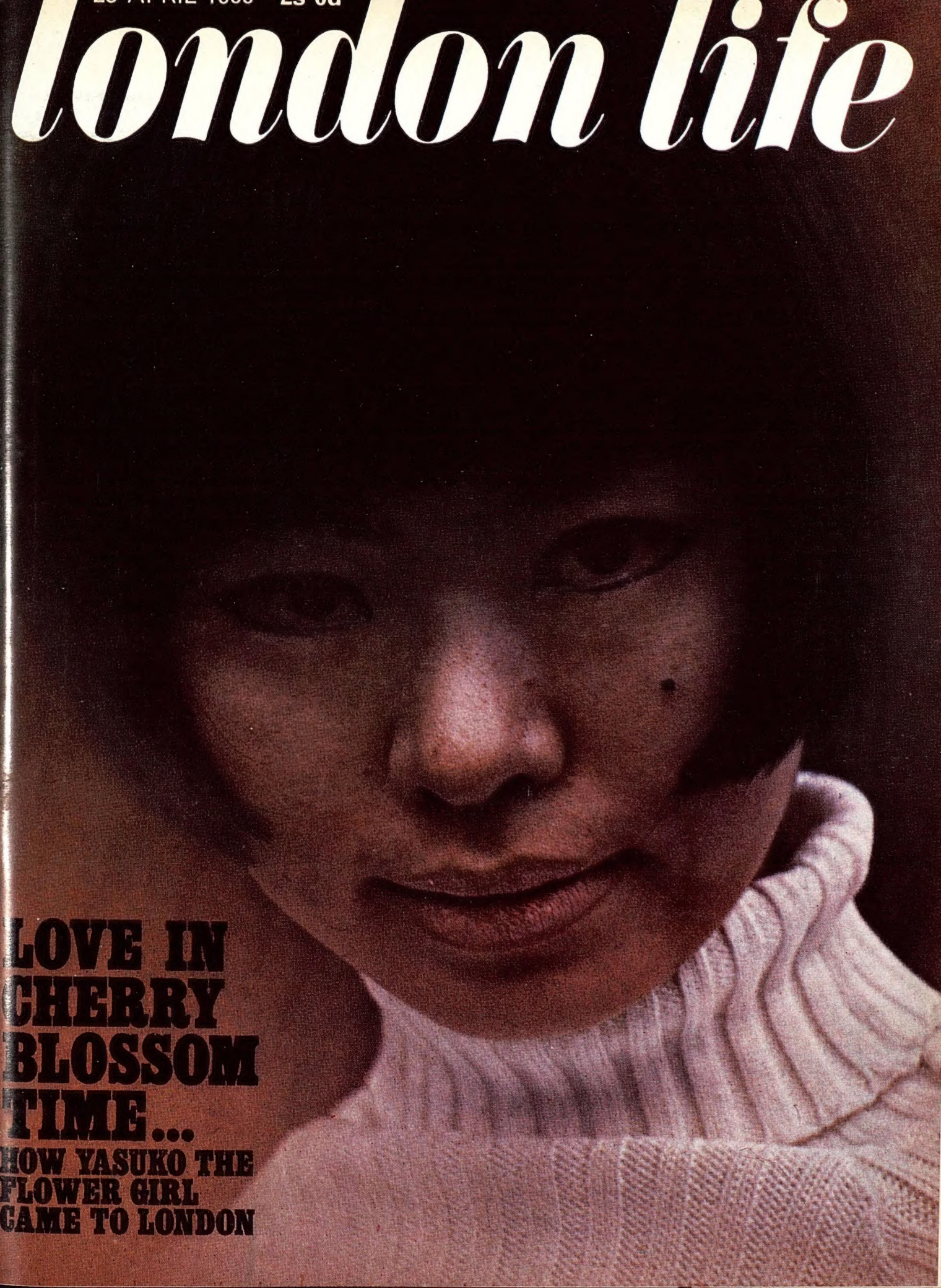
25 APRIL 1959 2s 6d

london life



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INSIDE

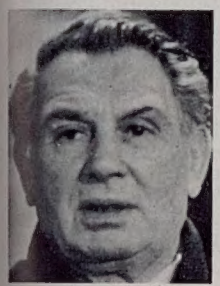
Lord Clancarty's half-brother, the Hon Brinsley Le Poer Trench, has started a new youth movement in Britain – to watch for flying saucers. Called the International Sky Scouts Association, the movement already has 200 members. "We have tied up," says Mr Le Poer Trench, "with 8,000 enthusiasts all over the world – and we hope to have a million members next year." The Scouts plan to send groups, wearing their special winged-disc badge, out every weekend to look for saucers.

According to Mr Le Poer Trench, they should make plenty of sightings, since he claims that more than a quarter of a million have been seen since the war.

In June he is to represent Britain at a world Flying Saucer Convention in Tokyo, where there are 5,000 Sky Scouts, and will address the gathering from the top of a huge pyramid dedicated to a Spacemen Sun God, which the Scouts are building. "It is quite possible," he says, "that the British Government do not want to disclose details of their research into saucers for political reasons. But people cannot be misled for long."

LONDON LIFE

INCORPORATING THE TATLER



Charles K Feldman, last of the Hollywood big spenders, is making the James Bond spoof, Casino Royale, *in surroundings of secrecy that might well baffle 007 himself. Read the fantastic inside-story on Page 8*

No doubt they're admirable young men in every way, but . . . wouldn't they look a whole lot better with a whole lot less hair? London Life, in words and pictures, examines the scene and makes some tough comments. Page 14

Yasuko Nagazumi, a young Japanese flower girl in love, flew into London to marry Ivan, a tall Hungarian writer. He and his wife tell of their struggle against the forces of Japan's ancient marital tradition. Page 30

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Also, beginning on page 43, London Life's comprehensive guide to everything that makes London the entertainment capital of the world . . . its night life, the theatre, the cinema, music, ballet, opera, art galleries, restaurants and sports.

May Day sees the third birthday of the public viewing gallery at the Shell Centre on the South Bank. Since it opened, 133,000 people have paid 2s 6d each (children only a shilling) to look at London from a height of 317 feet.

Thames voyagers this summer will be able to see the names of the bridges under which they pass without having to rely on the excursion guides. The GLC and the City Corporation have agreed to have the names cut into the stone under the central arches of their bridges. British Railways is not so sure that it can afford the luxury, but only real bridge-fetishists would want to know most of their gaunt structures' names anyway.

Peter Conder, director of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, has written a book on the 25 most common British garden birds, to coincide with the World Wild Life Exhibition which Prince Philip will open on 21 April at Alexandra Palace. With the book, and included in the price of 25s, will go two 45rpm records of the 25 bird songs.

Lord Napier, who is the deputy ceremonial and protocol secretary at the Commonwealth Relations Office, has the solution to the problem of drying the inside

continued overleaf

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INSIDE LONDON LIFE

continued

of a decanter: "Having rinsed it," he says, "fill it to the brim with cold water, reverse it, allowing the water to drain out, at the same time running the cold-water tap over its base. When it is empty, still holding it upside-down, dry the outside with a dish-towel, and the inside will be found to be bone-dry." Not, of course, that Lord Napier has to wash up after dinners at the CRO.

The Earl of Leicester is specially thanked for his help in 1965 Annual Report of the Royal Zoological Society, who runs Regent's Park Zoo. The Earl's contribution to Zoology? He provides from his estate a supply of evergreen oak for the giraffes.

The inhabitants of Blakeney, a tiny Norfolk hamlet distinguished for its fishing, boating and lazing facilities, have formed a trust to buy up any cottages that come on the market. Their aim is to let the property back to locals at fair rents, and keep out the wealthy weekenders from London – according to the chairman of the Parish Council, Mr Hayward. "We live here and are proud of it – we don't want to feel we are on show every weekend," he said.

An antique shop in Southend is attracting a lot of attention with a placard offering £4 each for mint-condition pennies dated 1954, 1955, 1956, 1958, 1959 and 1960. For a 1957 specimen they even offer £5. What they fail to point out to treasure-crazed holidaymakers as they rush off to pillage the amusement arcades is that the Mint didn't actually strike any pennies in these years.

The Ministry of Overseas Development is helping the Royal Society to buy a ton of old newspapers and about 200 gallons of preserving fluid in the interests of science. The paper is to dry, and the fluid to preserve, specimens collected on the Society's important biological expedition to the Solomon Islands this July. The biggest venture of its kind this century, the trip will last eight months for its 17 experts and 65 porters.

Publisher Desmond Elliott is spending this week touring London's smarter hotels armed with a briefcase full of rubber-suction hooks and copies of his new title *Limericks for the Loo*. His plan is to plant copies in the appropriate locations – the book comes ready equipped with a punched hole for hanging it up.

Janet Humphrey, a 27-year-old former market researcher, is about to spend £3,000-odd on a 56-home building development in Ealing. The cash will come from the government-owned Housing Corporation and from a building society, and the development will be undertaken by the Enterprise

Housing Society – formed by Miss Humphrey. It is not her first property venture – she has interests in Greece, has bought, converted and sold a number of cottages, and is currently dealing with six other major developments here, and two in Portugal. "At the moment," she says, "I am not making any money, but when one of the schemes is completed I will make £1,500 a year."

Aeluropus melanoleucus, having attracted a certain amount of publicity from the antics of two of their number, Chi Chi and An An, are about to be more thoroughly exposed than ever before. Dr Desmond Morris, Curator of Mammals at the Zoo, is soon to publish a textbook on the Giant Panda. By the time it appears, of course, Dr Morris hopes that Chi Chi will have finally seduced An An.

Epping Forest is being fortified against the motoring public: tired of having trees and bushes crushed by cars driven straight off the road into the woods, the Superintendant of the Forest has ordered trenches to be dug all round it. Two feet deep and two feet wide, they should stop everything short of tanks.

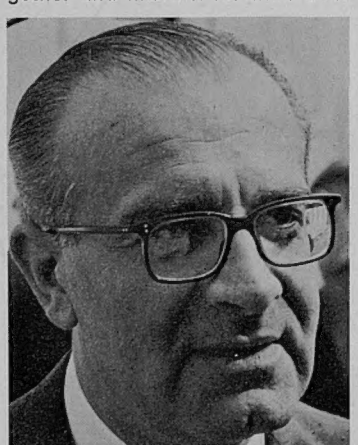
Beverley Nichols, Douglas Fairbanks, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Whitney Straight, Lord Davidson and the Countess of Strafford are among the Londoners who will open their gardens to the public for a day this summer in aid of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. Altogether, 1,275 gardens will be open for a quick check on how the Joneses are planting this year.

In these days of frank, purposive, indeed abrasive, government, the Old School Tie is an anachronism. No doubt realising this, the sale of the special bummarees' tie in Smithfield Meat Market has been discontinued.

Mr Stephen Dykes Bower, Surveyor of the Fabric of Westminster Abbey, designed one of the finest drinking fountains in London to commemorate the Queen's Coronation in 1953. It is a massive affair in Cornish granite, set into the wall at the Old Palace Yard end of Westminster Hall. It offers three separate spouts. Of course, it hasn't actually been producing any water for months and months.

The last shop in London selling leeches—Brooks, of Maiden Lane—has stopped over-the-counter sales. In future they will only accept orders from hospitals, which do in fact still find occasional use for a bloodsucker.

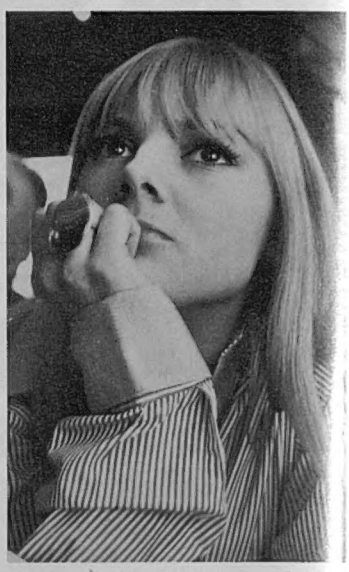
Leon Clore has just begun looking for a film story to follow his delightful production *Morgan, A Suitable Case for Treatment*, due to be generally released on 15 May. "There is a possibility I may get David Mercer, who wrote *Morgan*, to do an original screenplay," he says, "but in any case I hope to find something by the end of the year. I aim to make a picture every two to three years." Clore and Karel Reisz, who directed it, bought *Morgan* together and made it for their own



company, Quintre Films: "We have," says Clore, "a long-standing personal relationship – I produced Karel's early Free Cinema shorts *Every Day Except Christmas* and *We Are the Lambeth Boys* – but that does not necessarily mean that either of us won't work with others from time to time."

Mecca plan to bring a touch of Monte Carlo to Streatham Hill and Hackney. Work has started on special gaming rooms, offering orthodox casino attractions, at the back of their giant Bingo emporia there. The idea is that after the last House has been filled, flush winners and dogged losers should abandon the clickety-click of bingo for the clickety-click of the little white roulette ball.

Anneke Wills expects to get the BBC's equivalent of a citation for exceptional valour later this month. On 30 April, she has to be filmed swimming, in a bikini, in the chilly



Channel off Rye. The sequence for a Wednesday play, *Toddler on the Run*, due for transmission May. Miss Wills, 5 feet 7 inches plays the wife of a dwarf. After the swim, she may of course shrink.

Lord Denning, the Master of the Rolls, will be the guest of honour at the 312th Festival Dinner of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, to be held on 12 May at Merchant Taylors' Hall. Founded in 1655, the Corporation gives aid to clerics and their dependants. Handel wrote a special anthem for them which is performed before the dinner each year and a special service in St Paul's Cathedral.

At a show of "simulated furs" – they grew in factories – last week, the salon was decorated with plastic flowers, and the models paraded to piped music. Attempts to purchase with stage money, failed, however.

Ex-Det. Inspector Burgess of the Flying Squad, retired to the quiet of Cophorn Bank, Sussex, has opened a market stall. He specialises in burglar alarms and locks.

The Bayswater Synagogue, built in 1863, has closed its doors and awaits the wreckers: its successor will be built in Kilburn Park Road, and is to be "very palatial."

Patrick Saul is to move his British Institute of Recorded Sound next month from its old home in Russell Square across town to a house in Exhibition Road, South Kensington. The

collection, started 18 years ago, now contains over 100,000 recordings, on disc and tape. Despite large Government grants to the project – the aim is to maintain the sound equivalent of the British Museum's library of the printed word – Mr Saul says "£50,000 would solve a lot of our problems."

Scotts, the hatters in Old Bond Street, offer a special inducement to the customers of tomorrow. They will build into any hat a transistor radio, with a slim cord leading down to an unobtrusive earplug speaker. Price about 15 guineas, depending on the hat.

The Whitehall Gift Stores, immediately opposite the old Admiralty building, and in handy range of half a dozen Ministries, offers a range of cheap but efficient telescopes: Made in the USSR.

Sir Charles Wheeler, President of the Royal Academy, appears to have won a snappy little battle with the Lord's Day Observance Society, who complained at the Academy's decision to begin opening at 10 am on Sundays for special exhibitions. The Academy wrote back to say that they had sought the advice of the Vicar of St James's, Piccadilly – their parish church – and he raised no objection, so they were going ahead.

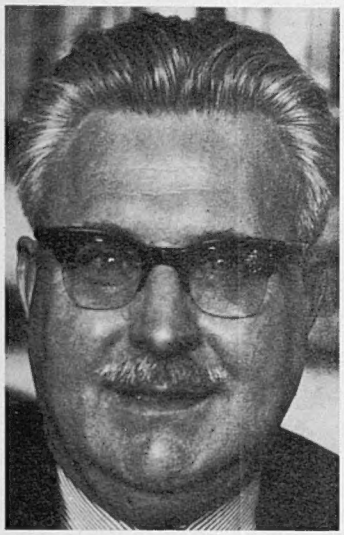
Ngaio Marsh is in London for the next six weeks, both to help launch her autobiography, *Black Beech and Honeydew*, which is being published next week, and to work on a new thriller, her seventeenth. Probably Agatha Christie's

only real rival, Miss Marsh reveals in her autobiography much of the real-life incidents and people who appear in her detective novels. After her stay in London, she is going to the Continent to acquire more material for the new thriller.

Rickards, the coach-tour company, have just issued their booklet of their tourist trips. In it they include one Kentish jaunt called *The Elizabethan Mansions – Knole and Penshurst.* This trip, scheduled to start on Wednesday, 4 May, offers the extra inducement of a visit to Chartwell, Sir Winston Churchill's country house which is now looked after by the National Trust. The Trust have no plans to open it until June. Their comment on Rickards tour prospectus: "They'll be lucky."

Suburban trendsetters who have bought antique gas-lamps for their porches can now get custom-built lamplighter's poles from the Tooting firm who made the original poles when London streets were gaslit.

John Creasey, prolific author of thrillers and coiner of noms-de-plume, is seriously considering a political career. He intends standing for Parliament at the first suitable by-election, as an Independent. His policy he describes as "both left and right



of the present Government," and a principal plank in his address will be a demand for fixed terms for Parliament as in the USA. Politics could bring a reduction in his fantastic library output – which used to run at 15 books a year. This year 12 hardback and 28 paperback editions of his books will appear in America.

Benny Green, probably relieved to be no longer shackled by *Late Show London*, is to help produce another show for London this summer. It will be a special poetry and jazz show at the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre, running from 15 August to 27 August. The Theatre will also, of course, offer its customary Shakespeare: *A Midsummer Night's Dream* opens there on 6 June and runs until 13 August.

Hand-written notice in the Ludgate Circus Lyons, a favourite clubhouse for the apparently unoccupied: "Should customers snore, do not hesitate to wake them."

The GLC have established a "tree bank" at Hainault, Essex, where more than 10,000 young maples, chestnuts, elms, ash, planes and limes are being nursed ready for their début on London streets. The Victoria Embankment planes felled in recent weeks – some were 80 years old, and dead on their feet – are being replaced by saplings.

Saturday 30 April is the target opening day for Chelsea's new open-air art exhibition sited in Royal Avenue off the King's Road. With room for up to 60 artists to show their work, the exhibition will be an all-day affair, every Saturday.

The London Season won't be quite the same without it: Mr Alec Bruce has regretfully decided that he cannot open his magnificent installation to the public for a day this summer, as he has in previous years. The Northern Outfall Works, East Ham, where 200 million gallons of North London sewage are processed every day, will not be offering an informative tour, followed by tea and cakes, to its suppliers this year. However, Mr Bruce is toying with the idea of letting us see his other pride one day – the Southern Outfall Works at Erith. Nostalgic North Londoners won't find it quite the same somehow . . . one felt one had a proprietary interest at East Ham.

"The Times" agony column moves off the front page on 3 May, to make way for news stories just like any other paper. How on earth does Sir William Haley plan to get news stories to compare with his small-ads? These two recent entries would stop the presses anywhere. "Parachutist, either sex, strong, but small, wanted for special assignment." And . . . "Bombing strongly stimulated the adrenal glands. Genuine inquirer urgently seeks substitute."

Cornelius Ryan's *The Last Battle,* the story of the fall of Berlin in 1945, already a best-seller in America, and to be published here next month by Collins, may spark off a whole series of Berlin stories on TV. One of the independent companies is said to be considering running the story of all the Berlin crises from 1930 to 1966 over 13 weeks.

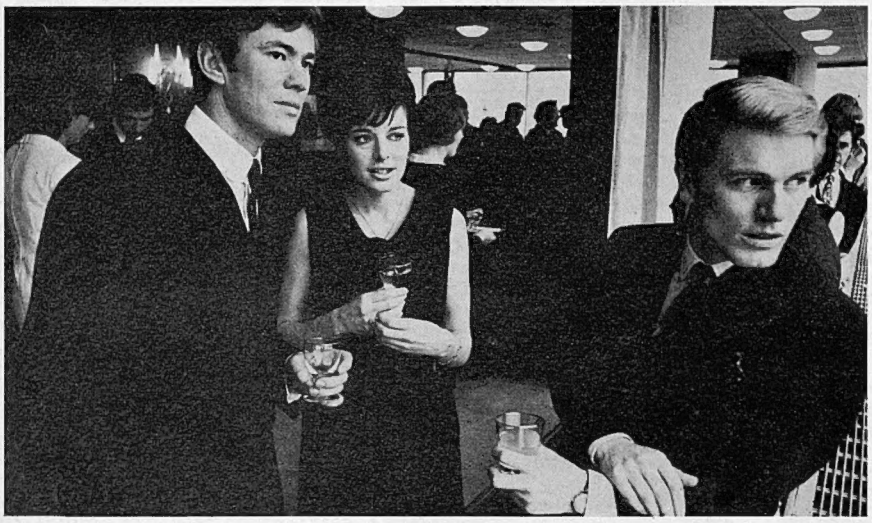
Photographer John Kelly found a note in his empty milk-bottle on the doorstep. From the milkman, it has a strangely 007 air about it. "Half-pints are being discontinued by UD. Have left 1 Pint. Await further instructions." "I've been sitting at home waiting," says Kelly, "but no further instructions have arrived."

Patrick Jenkins of Icon Books is planning a special series of books to be generically titled *Private Case.* "They will all be," he says, "books of literary merit from the arcana of private collections and great libraries." The arcana is the section one cannot normally get at without a special dispensation – since its contents usually include the library's more hair-raising pieces of erotica. The first title in the series, to be published at the end of May, is *Teleny*, attributed to Oscar Wilde, and not published here since 1893.

MAKE A DATE

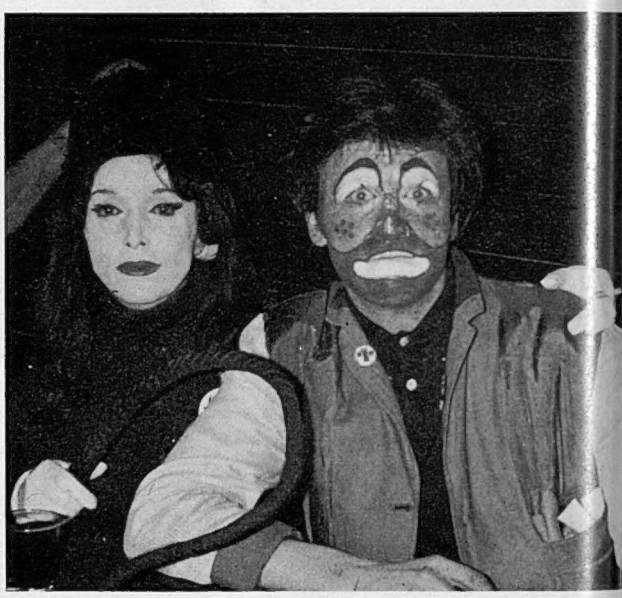
FRIDAY 22 APRIL
Exhibition: Retrospective of pioneer Jean Dubuffet, Tate Gallery.
Ballet: *Swan Lake,* Covent Garden, 7.30 pm.
Ball: Candy Queen Ball, given by Confectioners' Association at London Hilton.
Opera: Wagner's *Rienzi*, St. Pancras Town Hall, with Kensington Symphony Orchestra, 7.30 pm.
THURSDAY-SATURDAY, 21-23 APRIL
Trials: Badminton Horse Trials.
SATURDAY 23 APRIL
Inauguration: The Queen will inaugurate the Wildfowl Trust's new Research Centre at Slimbridge, Glos.
Vintage Run: Motor-cyclists' run on pre-1915 machines, from Coventry to Brighton.
Theatre: *Dear Charles*, Pitlochry Festival Theatre, 2.30 and 8 pm.
SUNDAY 24 APRIL
Salute: The Queen will take the salute at the St George's Day Parade of Queen's Scouts at Windsor.
Opening: The Paris Hilton, Avenue de Suffren, opens. Reservations as from today.
Racing: BARC Clubman's Car Races, Brands Hatch.
MONDAY 25 APRIL
Theatre: *Macbeth* at the Richmond Theatre until 7 May. 7.45 pm.
Concert: The Thelonious Monk Quartet, Fairfield Hall, Croydon, 8.15 pm.
Ballet: *The Dream, Monotones Nos 1 & 2* and *Les Noces*, Covent Garden, 7.30 pm.
TUESDAY 26 APRIL
Première: *Dr Zhivago*, Empire Theatre, attended by Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon.
Ball: April Ball, Hyde Park Hotel.
Play: *Juno & the Paycock*, Old Vic, 7 pm.
Concert: Yehudi Menuhin's 50th Birthday concert, Royal Festival Hall, 8 pm.
Recital: George Malcolm (harpsichord), Law Society, 6.30 pm.
TUESDAY-THURSDAY 26-28 APRIL
Racing: Newmarket spring meeting.
WEDNESDAY 27 APRIL
Opera: *Tosca* in Italian, Covent Garden, 7.30 pm.
Concert: Mantovani and His Orchestra, Fairfield Hall, Croydon, 7.45 pm.
THURSDAY 28 APRIL
Ball: The Rose Ball, Grosvenor House.
Exhibition: Private view of the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House.
FRIDAY 29 APRIL
Dinner: Advanced Motorists, at the London Hilton.
Racing: Ascot Heath.
SATURDAY 30 APRIL
Exhibition: Royal Academy Summer Exhibition opens until 14 August.
Polo: Cowdray Park season opens.
MONDAY 2 MAY
Première: The Queen will attend the première of *Othello*, in aid of the Toynbee Hall Appeal, at the Odeon, Leicester Square.
TUESDAY 10 MAY-MONDAY 30 MAY
Exhibition: John Piper, original theatre designs, 79 Randolph Ave, W9.
SATURDAY 14 MAY
Cup Final: FA Cup Final at Wembley.
WEDNESDAY 25 MAY
Racing: The Derby, Epsom.
Show: Chelsea Flower Show, until 27 May.
THURSDAY-SATURDAY 26-28 MAY
Show: Royal Windsor Horse Show.

PARTY TIME

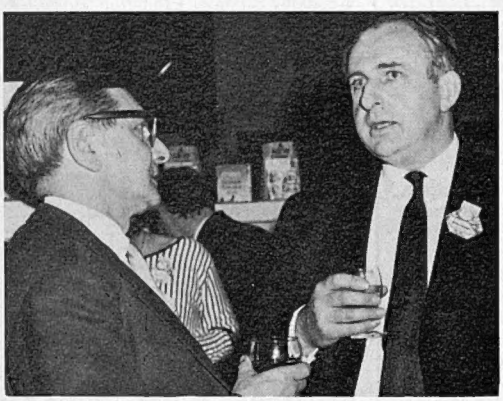


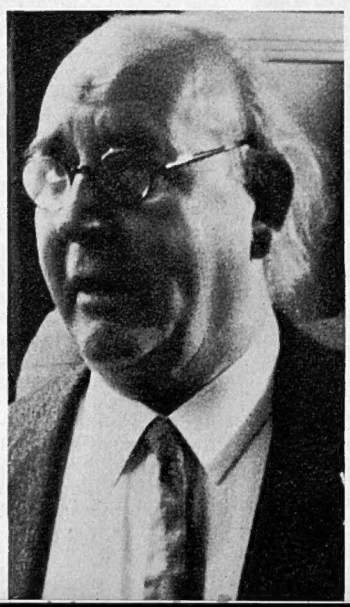
High up in New Zealand House, on the Martini Terrace, a party was held in aid of the Royal Association for the Deaf and Dumb. Left: Garry Bond and Angela Richards, who play the leads in the new musical *On the Level* with Adam Faith. Below left: Larry Adler and Jack Warner. Below right: Artist Nicholas Egon and Sheila White.

Virginia McKenna received a cheque for £15,000 on behalf of the National Society for Handicapped Children at a champagne party held at the Savoy.



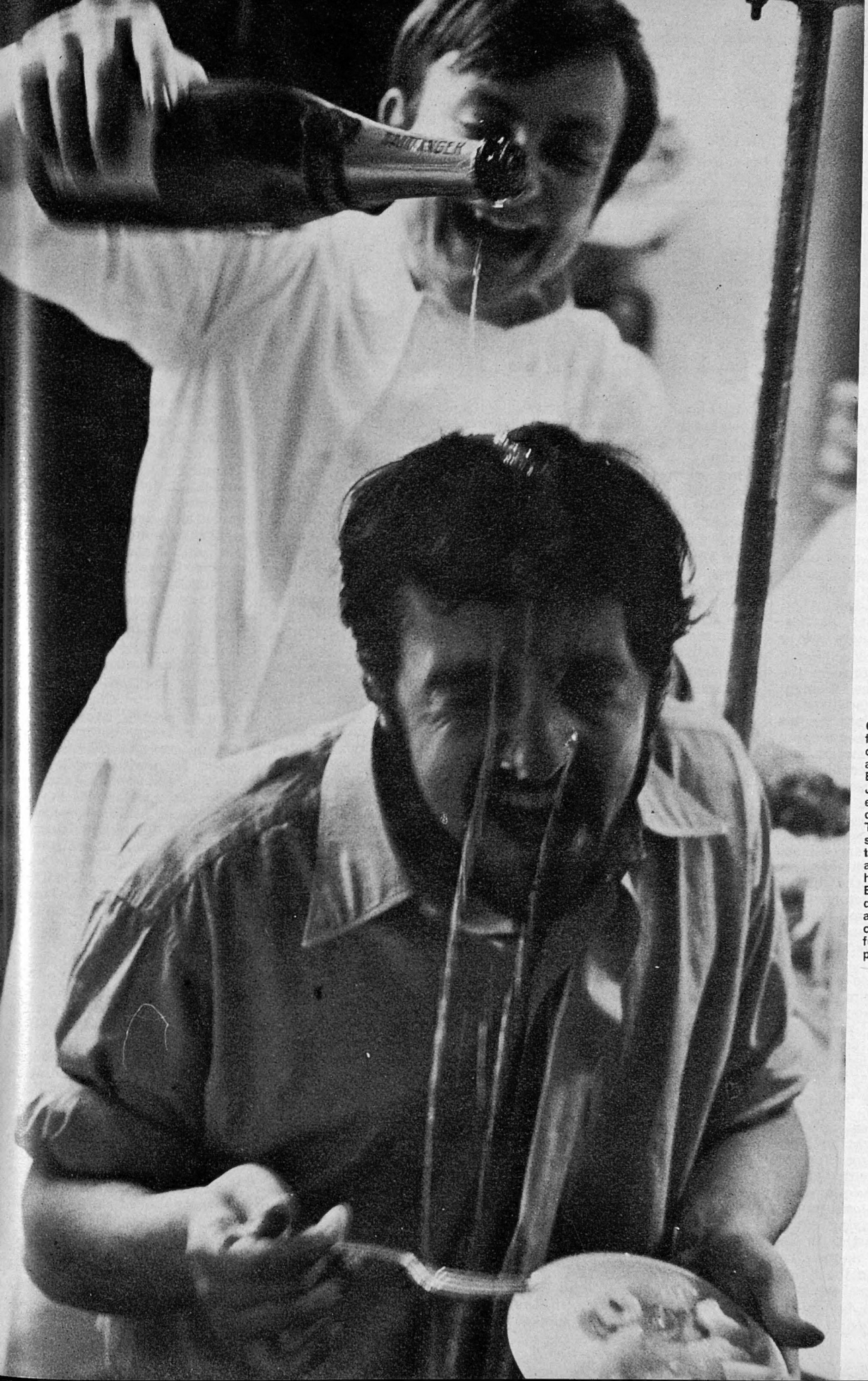
Extending the art of stage make-up at a party held at Fanny's Bistro – actress Maxine Audley and actor David Buck.





At the National Book League Anniversary party, held for Puffin books, Michael Bond (left), the author, and David Davies, a BBC producer. Right: Edward Ardizzone, the artist who has illustrated a number of Puffin's children's books.

Stephen Joseph and his partner Bruno Conci held a party to celebrate the opening of their new restaurant Bruno One in Park Walk, SW10. Among the guests were Susan McKinley, Ken Moore, who devised the restaurant's decor, and Bill Staughton.



Champagne is generally free-flowing at celebratory parties, but at the opening of Bruno One, the chef Jean-Jacques found enough to baptise one of his colleagues. The restuarant has some unusual aspects; there is gold cutlery, a decor that includes half-draped Blackamoors, and downstairs the ladies' and gentlemen's cloakrooms are furnished with black polished leather.

SECRETS OF THE NEW 007 . . . CHARLES HAMBLETT (left) reports exclusively on the incredible happenings at Pinewood and Shepperton Studios during the filming – in a state of secrecy that would baffle the Secret Service – of Charles K Feldman's contribution to the cinema's James Bond bonanza, *Casino Royale*. Five directors, two studios, ten sound stages, nearly £3 million, and (to date) the star talents of Ursula Andress, Peter Sellers, David Niven, Orson Welles, have contributed to the whackiest production since Mike Todd's *Around the World in Eighty Days*.

Let me, as they say in the Kremlin, give you the real vodka...

Charles K Feldman, film producer, gambler, lawyer, ladies man, and last of the big Hollywood spenders in the tradition of Mike Todd, had for years been nursing a problem. Namely, how to make a successful James Bond movie without Sean Connery in the leading role. Then, one night in Paris, he suffered a terrifying nightmare. He woke up sweating, but the dream had removed a mental barrier. Charlie Feldman knew how to make *Casino Royale*.

So far he appears to be the only one that does. A high-rolling gambler who likes to hold his cards close to his chest, he is insisting on making this multi-million motion picture in an atmosphere of claustrophobic secrecy. Charlie remains calm in his self-created world of confusion, but for everyone else it's nightmare, nightmare all the way. A highly profitable one, to be sure, for the highly priced actors, directors, technicians on the payroll, but for the backroom financial whiz kids, *Casino Royale* is fast becoming the most headachy movie-imponderable since Erich Von Stroheim tried to con Gloria Swanson into believing she was playing a whiter-than-white heroine before she could discover that she would end up as the owner of a string of Middle East brothels.

The way Feldman is playing it, this movie might well end with Dame Margot Fonteyn doing the Frug with Quintin Hogg in a discothèque which is about to be blown up by Sean Connery playing Albert Schweitzer. Fantastic? In this epic anything can happen. Let me, as they say in the Kremlin, give you the real vodka.

In 1954 Feldman bought the screen rights of *Casino Royale* but nobody in Hollywood was interested in filming a spy story by an unknown English writer called Ian Fleming. Only when producers Cubby Broccoli and Harry Saltzman hit paydirt with the three Bond films, starring Sean Connery, did the big-money boys, who have never been noted for their artistic acumen, realise the fiscal possibilities of Feldman's Bond property, the only one still floating around in the open market outside the Broccoli-Saltzman closed shop.

Hear that bell? That's Peter Sellers peddling around the lot on his bicycle. Doctor's orders ever since he had that ticker trouble. Sorry, Ursula Andress is tied up on the studio floor and won't be available for a coupla hours.

Good luck Pussycat

So the money offers started pouring in and Feldman was able to set up shop. He actually hired a studio in Rome and started a *Casino Royale* production there but abandoned it to shoot *What's New, Pussycat?* in Paris. It was slaughtered by the critics but is making box office music everywhere and putting a small fortune in Charlie's pocket. So, at last, Feldman felt free to start work on his Bond picture, this time in London. (They say the abandoned studio in Rome still has a corridor of offices with fading labels stuck on the doors, announcing *Casino Royale*.) Feldman was now faced with the quasi-artistic problem of turning out a picture that was not a carbon-copy of the other Bonds, and – without Connery – this was akin to playing Hamlet without the prince.

Production chief John Dark helped Feldman set up the Rome unit, then left him to join Columbia Pictures. This company having since chosen to back Feldman and distribute the picture, Dark is back in square one alongside Feldman. He says: "I think if Charlie had decided to play it straight, story-wise, it would have been a disaster. Even if we *had* Connery, we couldn't have reproduced the stark intensity of Ian Fleming's first book. Too much gimmickry has gone into all recent spy pictures. We had to play it for laughs."

If Feldman's gamble comes off he and his backers will be laughing their way to the bank for many years. But with so many other movie-makers jumping on the Bond wagon, and playing *their* spy stories for laughs, Feldman's contribution to what many are predicting is a waning trend will have to be extra-special, since *Casino Royale* will not reach the public till early next year.

It's greed gone wrong, another Cleopatra. *I've worked at Shepperton for years. We've had films moving in and out and barely remembered their titles. But this is the stuff of legends. It will be talked about as long as films are made. It's the magic name of Bond that's done it. They're spending money like sailors. God only knows the outcome. Well, maybe, God and Charlie Feldman.*

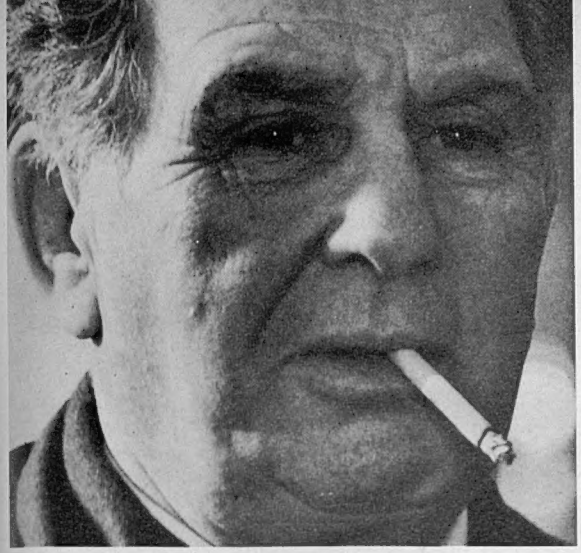
"I'm in it, quite frankly, for the money," Sellers tells an American radio interviewer. "I'm as much in the dark as anyone else." You look at the bland, actor's face and try to read the mind behind the mask. Impossible. On the surface, Sellers has become the perfect acting machine, a hardly human computer. It's uncanny. You know he's a mass of emotional complexities, but he reveals nothing

"I've been there and come back," he says conversationally of the time he "died," technically, after a heart attack. "I didn't know or feel anything. It was only after I pulled out and began to sit up and take nourishment that I realised what had happened. I live to work. I'm always hoping that the picture I'm working on will be a masterpiece, but you can never tell for sure beforehand. Only thing is to turn in a performance, take your money, and hope for the best."

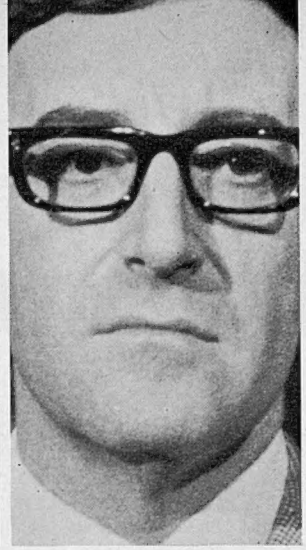
Welcome to Charlie Feldman's five-ring circus. We've got six stages going here at Shepperton and four at Pinewood. Huston's found a country house in Kent for shooting exteriors, a palazzo in the hills with an excellent stable. In all, we'll have gone through five directors, a dozen screenwriters and umpteen stars. Hold on, old chap, you're about to sit down on Peter O'Toole's bagpipe.

Peter the piper

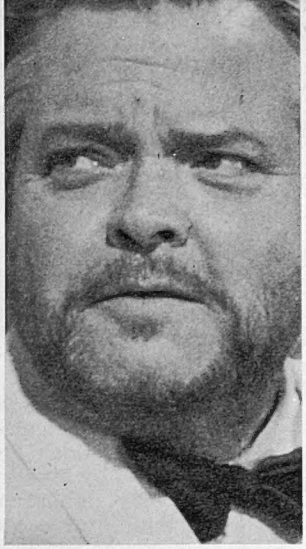
Peter O'Toole got briefly into the act – on a dare. On St Patrick's night, O'Toole had called at John Huston's suite at Claridges to wish his fellow Irishman-extraordinary the best of everything. Publicist Ernie Anderson told the actor that on the following day Feldman was importing some 60 pipers and 30 drummers from Scotland for a dream sequence featuring Sellers and Ursula Andress. (In fares alone the cost was over £1,000.) Gulping down a slug of the hard stuff, O'Toole declared he had won a medal for prowess as a bagpiper. Noting the others' incredulous looks, he said, "I tell you what. Promise to fix me up with a bagpipe and I'll go to the studio tomorrow and



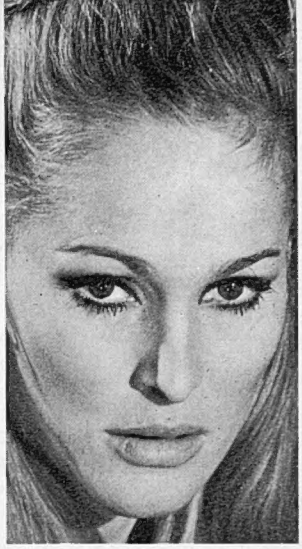
Charles K Feldman.



Peter Sellers.



Orson Welles.



Ursula Andress.

give you a tune. Be sure to get me a soft bag. Ask any of the pipers for one and they'll know what you mean."

Being St Pat's night, and Peter being something of an insomniac, anyway, the actor showed up the next day at the pre-arranged rendezvous – a pub at Shepperton – without having slept a wink. After a few convivial jars he was driven to the studio clutching a bottle of brandy, and was smuggled into a dressing room and fitted with a Scottish kilt and accessories and given a "soft" bagpipe.

Repeat performance

He showed up on the studio floor while Sellers and Andress were rehearsing in the middle of an artificially created Scotch mist. The stars were surprised to find that the lone, unscheduled, piper was none other than their erstwhile playmate in Charlie Feldman's *What's New, Pussycat?* and asked him to repeat his impromptu musical performance for the camera. The director of that particular segment, Bob Parrish, shrugged and asked, why not? And Feldman paid off O'Toole with a crate of champagne. It's that kind of a production.

Orson Welles, apparently, was in it simply for the money. He told Feldman he had never read a Bond novel, nor seen a Bond movie, and that the entire cult nauseated him. When pressed to attend a private screening of a Bond picture, Orson declared that he never saw his own masterpieces, so why bother to see other people's?

Eventually, he and his wife were lured into a small private projection room and a Bond picture was flashed on the screen. Welles suffered the ordeal for eight minutes before stalking out. He paced up and down outside until his wife rejoined him at the end of the screening.

On arrival on the set he promptly applied his own highly personal "method" to creating the part of Le Chiffre, described in the script as a brutal, champagne-swilling secret agent. That first day Orson was given a champagne bottle filled with a mixture of lemonade and soda water. After the third "take" director Joe McGrath, a stocky little Glaswegian much admired by Sellers, pointed out that Orson was not drinking from the bottle. "I want the real thing," Orson growled. "I refuse to touch that muck." Immediately, dozens of crates of Dom Perignon '55 were rushed to the sound stage and planted beside Orson's caravan.

You should have seen Orson and Sellers. The old movie genius versus the acting virtuoso. They measured each other up warily, like prize-fighters going into the first round. Then they eased up, realising that neither one was out to "take" the other. Once Orson got stuck into that Dom Perignon he was as happy as a pig in clover. He'd get good and loaded during morning shots and then go to his caravan during the lunch break to sleep it off. He'd wake with a headache, cross as hell, but then they'd start pouring the champagne and he'd light up a Havana Churchill and in no time at all he'd be roaring happy again, and ready for the camera. I bet he misses this set, back there in Spain, drinking that lousy Spanish wine.

Ursula Andress removes her pale pink bathrobe and, naked, slips slowly into the middle of that most durable of all cinematic clichés, the bubble bath. An assistant director yells, "Stand back, boys. Get back at least a couple of miles." Grips, chippies, sparks continue to clutter the tiny set which represents an ultra-op-art luxury bathroom. "Okay," snaps director Parrish, "clear the set entirely." Within two minutes the set is silent, only a dedicated half-dozen remain to steer Miss Andress through her inevitable sequence of photogenic *undress*.

Ursula's a great professional. Everyone here will be sorry when she goes. Always laughing and joking. She'll talk to everyone, is great at remembering names. She's vastly underrated. She's so animated, so funny, and at the same time so serious about her work. She's utterly frank and open. But deep, capable of being hurt. She's under continual tension, there's some inner emotional stress going on, all this pressure. When she was slated for this picture, I was told, "She's wonderful, but you have to be very careful. Her material has to be written down to her capabilities." How wrong can you be? Give her a few lines with the least bit of polish to them and she'll make them sound like they were written by Congreve or Wilde. Look, she's doing comedy with Orson Welles, Peter Sellers – and they aren't complaining.

Prototype Venus

What is she really like, this prototype Venus of the Sixties? John O'Gorman, a tall, bald, gentle middle-aged man, has worked as Ursula's make-up man on several pictures. A devoted, dedicated craftsman, he says: "She has a *different* face, it contains so many contradictory things. I've worked with Ingrid Bergman, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, Lana Turner, Doris Day. They're a little older, shall we say, than Ursula, but she already has their mature gravity, dignity.

"It's not a dead beauty, it's alive. Because her features are very definite she can give an impression of hardness, but she's not hard. Aloof, yes, but she sees herself – and others – very clearly. Her acting is constantly improving, there's much more naturalness. . . . She hates being thought of as a sex symbol, but she doesn't hate people. 'It's too exhausting to hate,' Ingrid Bergman once told me. Ursula is like that. When people say ugly things about her she's hurt, but she keeps it inside, bottled up. Oh, she has all the emotions. But she also has superb control. Working with her is a dream, a lovely dream."

But working on *Casino Royale* remains a nightmare for some, though everyone is being very stoical about it.

"It's rather like being on the Kon Tiki," John Dark sums up. "You're on a raft hoping the currents will take you to your destination. It's part of a trend. It's *avant garde*, surrealistic, *cinema verité*, pop art, op art, hand-held cameras.

"It's hell, too. I usually get my orders in sealed envelopes a day after I've already carried them out. Look, it's 5.30 and we haven't seen tomorrow's script yet. Crazy. Call it a nightmare, a headache, a pain in the neck. But it's also alive, exciting, stimulating. Who knows what will happen before we stop shooting some time in June or July? It's all a matter of chemistry, luck, know-how, intuition. Hell, it's wonderful."

NEXT: WHICH ONE PLAYS BOND?

A LONDON CONCERT THAT WILL HELP INDIA

The London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir will be performing in this year's charity Vellore Concert at the Albert Hall next Wednesday, 27 April. This will be the 14th concert presented at the Albert Hall in aid of the Christian Medical College and Hospital at Vellore in South India.

The concerts are organised by the Friends of Vellore, whose president is Sir Cecil Wakeley. Miss Eileen Joyce, who has played at seven concerts in the past, is among the long list of distinguished people who are vice-presidents and patrons. The "Friends" give support in financial and other ways to the Hospital, which is famed throughout the world for its work over the past 66 years. It is described as "a microcosm of international co-operation on a Christian foundation, and also an expression of the links of friendship and goodwill between this country and India." The first concert at the Albert Hall was in 1951 when Eileen Joyce was soloist and they have been an annual event since 1955.

This year – as in the past two years – two boxes have been set aside for six polio patients from the West Hendon Hospital, St Anne's Hospital, Tottenham, and the Western Hospital, Fulham. They will listen to the concert from their iron lungs.

One of the foremost of the doctors who have given their services free at Vellore, Dr Jacob Chandy, will make an appeal at this year's concert. He is a top international neurosurgeon, whose services to medicine in Indian were recognised by a Government award in 1964.

At this year's concert the orchestra and choir will be joined by the choral group of the Royal Academy of Music in presenting Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*. The conductor will be Frederic Jackson, soloists Kathleen Joyce, Gerald English, Roger Stalman and Ralph Downes (organ).

The Vellore Concert 1966 is at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday 27 April at 7.30 pm.

DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

The first biography of Ian Fleming, to be called *The Man with the Golden Pen*, is to be published by Mayflower Books on 1 May and, already, it is in the middle of one of the biggest controversies to hit the London publishing world for a long time.

The book has been written by a hitherto unknown author called Richard Gant, and one of the largest trading companies in the world who acquired a large interest in all Ian Fleming's literary work shortly before his death are threatening to apply for an injunction to stop the book being brought out. They contend that the cover makes it look as if the book has been written by Fleming himself.

Mayflower Books, at the time of going to press, are pressing on with publication, while Pan Books – one of the largest paperback publishers in Britain, who publish all of Ian Fleming's novels – are also making threatening noises only just off stage. I predict that all of this will blow over with great goodwill all round and a lot of red faces. I can reveal that Richard Gant is not a new, struggling author, but is the pseudonym for Leslie Thomas, whose new book *The Virgin Soldiers* was recently top of the best-selling fiction list. The film rights of that book have recently been acquired by Carl Foreman for a very large sum of money.

Success story

The reason for my confidence is that Pan Books have just negotiated an agreement to publish the paperback versions of Leslie Thomas's books! I am delighted at the tremendous success of Leslie Thomas, an old friend and colleague of many years.

An ex-Bernardo's Homes boy, he was formerly chief reporter on the *Evening News* and only gave it up at the beginning of this year. He has remained completely unspoiled by his own success and told me: "By the time the tax-man has finished, there is not so much loot left anyway. I know I could go and live in the Channel Islands and avoid tax, but no matter how much I have to pay, I would rather stay in London than live anywhere else. All I can hope is the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not try my patriotism too hard." Them's my sentiments, Leslie.

Every now and again the really pig-headed individualist wins my wholehearted admiration. Just such a man is Harold Ventham, the managing director of Hannells Ltd, one of the best-known grocery firms in London, whose premises have been in Davies Street for the past 150 years.

Under the scaffolding

Mr Ventham's father used to be the manager of the shop in 1913, and Mr Ventham himself was born over the old shop premises on the corner of Three Kings Yard. The shop moved to its present site at No 3 Davies Street, almost on the corner of Berkeley Square, in 1925.

Today Hannells are right in the middle of one of the largest shop, office and flat developments in the West End of London. More than a million pounds is involved and Hannells red-brick shop-front is almost completely hidden by scaffolding. The new building is more than half completed, but Hannells had a long lease and Mr Ventham refused to move. Usually this is a move to get the ante raised, but Mr Ventham said he was not moving, he was not going to close for a single day, and the property company have discovered that he meant every word he said.

The whole development has had to be built over and around his premises. Hannells's reputation for continuous and uninterrupted service remains supreme. They probably sell more high-class provisions than anyone in London, and on my way out I paused at a counter laden with caviare and *foie gras* to purchase a threepenny tube of wine gums. The shop assistant gave me the suggestion of a bow, and said, "Thank you so very much, sir." I looked three times, but I will swear he was not joking.

I regret to state that my experience of British service this week has not always been quite so happy. I reserved a table at the Whitefriars Hotel buttery at Hurstmonceux in Sussex for lunch on Easter Sunday. After making the reservation, I retired to the bar for 30 minutes. When I went to sit down, the head waiter informed me he had made a mistake and there was no table available. In answer to my protests he informed me I could eat in the residents' dining room upstairs. "Either I eat here or I shall leave," I stated with as much aggrieved pride as I could muster.

"You can go where you like mate," he said.

The happy waiter

I found another hotel restaurant, The Horseshoe a few miles down the road. It was packed with Easter visitors. I had to wait for 30 minutes to get in to the Steak Bar which seated 36 customers. It had only one waiter to serve everyone, because the other two were away ill. I have never seen a man work so hard or so willingly. There was a smile for everyone. I wish I could state that it restored my faith in British courtesy. Unfortunately I have to report that he was an immigrant of Asian blood from Kenya.

The chairman of one of Britain's largest companies returned from a trip overseas to discover that something had gone wrong in his absence. He believed one of his executives had let him down. He pondered for 24 hours before making his decision.

"I shall give him the benefit of the doubt," he told me. "I shall sack him."

A tycoon is a tycoon is a tycoon is a tycoon.

Has the great moment arrived for a fur by Bradleys?

It's a day to remember, the day you get your first fur from Bradleys. No other fur gives you quite so instantly, so effortlessly, the exquisite combination of high fashion and supreme luxury. The most beautiful skins in the world, made up with loving care by Bradley craftsmen to designs you'll find nowhere else in the world. This one is a pale Tourmaline mink coat, with a gently flared skirt – so flattering! Designed by Michael of London, exclusively for Bradleys 2 Welbeck Street, London W1

DUBUFFET
AND THE LIBERATION OF PAINTING

On 23 April the Arts Council open an important retrospective show of the paintings of Jean Dubuffet (above) at the Tate Gallery. The work of Dubuffet is difficult to take in because it is paradoxical; difficult to take seriously because it is ironic. Yet he does not seek an intellectual public – he uses everyday themes because he wants to amuse and enchant rather than elevate, says SUSAN LYDON.

It is just 20 years since Jean Dubuffet's second major exhibition of paintings, *Mirobolus Macadam & Cie/Hautes Pâtes*, opened at the Galerie Drouin and scandalised the Paris art world. Professor Peter Selz, author of the definitive book on Dubuffet, has written: "These 48 paintings alarmed the public by their imagery of cruel irony (few people realised how funny they were) and by their use of crude materials." Infuriated spectators slashed paintings, and wildly antagonistic critics, revolted by Dubuffet's use of mud and "scrapings of the dustbin," accused him of anarchy and used words like *merde* and *cacaisme* to vent their outraged feelings.

His creed

Jean Dubuffet had been born in Le Havre in 1901 and, apart from six months spent at the Académie Julian in 1918, lacked formal training. The 1964 scandal marked an auspicious beginning, for Dubuffet had never meant to please the critics or the habitués of Paris's art galleries. "Great painting" he found a bore, and he had disliked his academic training. He wrote that he aimed not "at a handful of specialists, but would much rather amuse and interest the man in the street when he comes home from work." "My art," he proclaimed, "is an attempt to bring all disparaged values into the limelight."

Today Dubuffet is widely acclaimed as one of the towering figures of European art, perhaps the greatest living French painter. Revolutionary and controversial, he is a noncomformist artist who can be attached to no movement, school or *ism*. His work no longer provokes the physical violence it did in 1946, but it still provokes perplexity and disparagement. His paintings are difficult to take in because they are paradoxical; difficult to take seriously because they are ironic. Indeed, the strangest paradox of his art is that it is his desire that his work be accessible – his search for forms in which to celebrate the ignoble, his search for a popular art that will amuse and enchant rather than elevate – which has led him to the images of irony and paradox that make it inaccessible to so many.

Yet it is often the viewer's self-conscious desire to complicate things which obscures the essential simplicity and matter-of-factness of many of Dubuffet's paintings. The directness of the names which the artist gives to these paintings is jarring; one would rather accept them as caprice. But "Fluting On the Hump" describes an Arab sitting on the hump of his camel playing a flute; "Business Prospers" a bustling city overflowing with shops and "personages."

These titles are one of the most striking features of Dubuffet's work. Reflections of the spirit of the paintings – jubilant in "Ecstasy in the Sky" or "I Live In A Happy Country," whimsical in "Grass Runs, Pebbles Jump," sarcastic in "The Automobile, Flower of Industry" – they also have a poetic quality of their own. Dubuffet is, in fact, a poet. An artist as articulate as Delacroix or Van Gogh, he has written eloquent essays on his own work.

To achieve his ends, Dubuffet has had to reject the forms of conventional painting: the perspective, craftsmanship (what had so shocked the viewers of the 1946 show was that he had completely abandoned the technique of applying paint with a brush), subject matter, aesthetics, and material of the "great painting" he deplores. He has cultivated *l'art brut*, finding inspiration in the expression of the untutored, the insane, the naïve. His first task, writes Peter Selz, was "to decerebrate himself – to strip himself of acquired culture – in order to be able to locate an earlier state of childlike innocence and amazement."

New techniques

Having stripped himself of acquired culture, Dubuffet created his own, inventing new techniques, new materials, new territories to be explored. Restlessly, he moves from one form to another. Often his aims seem contradictory; his techniques opposed to one another. "I am drawn," he writes, "simultaneously and alternately to opposite poles." One is at first puzzled by the diversity of his styles, but they are all dedicated to a single purpose: "I have long been pursued," he writes, "by the idea of at last liberating painting from design, of giving pure painting every chance, with the painted surface its only language."

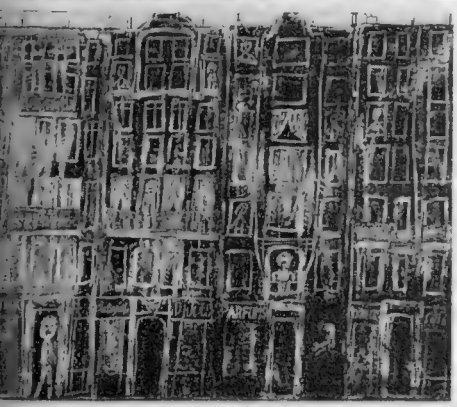
In his "pure painting," Dubuffet sometimes relies on a kind of automatic writing – welcoming chance and the unplanned effects of accidents. He likes to be surprised by his paintings, to juxtapose a subject with a medium totally unsuited to depicting it. This technique, by imposing a strange logic on the object, shows the world to Dubuffet in a new light. Convinced "that truth is strange; it is at the far end of strangeness that one has a chance to find the key to things," he invents materials which change their behaviour while they dry or when combined with another material. One paste he uses organised itself into "enigmatic branchings," and the artist wrote, "These branches facts . . . have revealed to me a whole active theatre of facts which perform, I am certain, on some level of life. Half revealed, of course, in some sphinx's tongue, very different from our articulate languages: one expects such a tongue from a being as different from ourselves as gum varnish."

Also, for Dubuffet, pure painting records what the eye perceives and the mind remembers – objects surrounded by distractions and obstacles to their viewing, the backgrounds which forms their "matrix." When the object emerges from its confusion, the viewer feels the shock of recognition, and the painting is thus more powerful.

Dubuffet has returned again and again to painting textures, foundations, and the homogeneous worlds which, he writes, give him great peace. Because they lack formal ideas and represent the quintessence of the matrix in which everything is perceived, they have sometimes seemed to him his most worth-while work. Of the "Stones of Philosophy," he has written: "It appeared to me that the facts – the pure and simple facts – presented by the form and the texture of these big stones, could make of these pictures, at least with time, companions to which one could become strongly attached. . . . The kingdom of formal ideas always appears to me of very little virtue beside the seignorial kingdom of stones."

The retrospective exhibition of paintings by Jean Dubuffet opens at the Tate Gallery on 23 April.

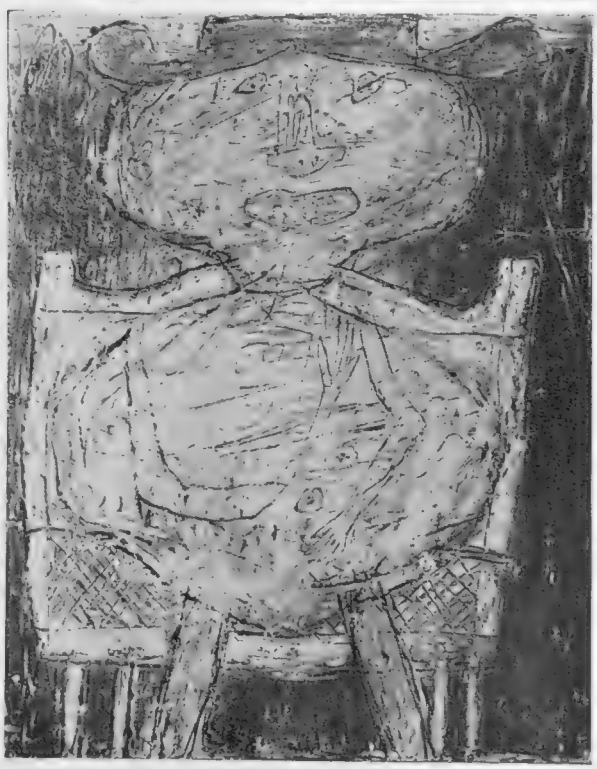
More about London's art galleries – Page 52



Above: *"Site Inhabited by Objects." May 1965. Vinyl. 139 x 162 cm. (Collection: Galerie Beyeler, Basle.) The paintings of "L'Hourloupe," Dubuffet's latest series, show ordinary objects dancing in a realm of fantasy, painted in strong diagonal stripes, in bold red and blue.*

Left: *"House Facades." July 1946. Oil, 51" x 77". (Private Collection, New York.) From the series of paintings at the 1946 exhibition, Mirobolus Macadam & Cie/ Hautes Pâtes.*

Right: *"The Geologist." December 1950. Oil, 9" x 51". Private collection.) n this painting Dubuffet ecomes the geologist, elighting in the beauty of ne soil, peering at it both ead-on, and through the nagnifying glass, from bove.*



Above: *"Man With a Blue Hat." March 1950. Oil 45½" x 35". (Private collection.) This man, wearing a casual blue hat, may be imagined as the onlooker at the display of the brutally earthy and sensual nudes of the Corps de Dame that Dubuffet painted later.*

IT'S TIME WE TOOK THIS MORE SERIOUSLY

AREN'T OUR YOUNG

MEN A MESS!

Angela Ince writes in sorrow and anger
– next page

AREN'T OUR YOUNG MEN A MESS!

continued

Isn't it just about time that those of us who find the long-haired cult tedious, unattractive and frankly repellent, should stand up and say so? Up to now, all we've been able to raise are a few nervous mutters – mutters that have been dismissed as the maunderings of pathetic old creeps with one foot in the grave. But take a look at the pictures on these pages and measure your reaction. Is it really elderly to think that these young men – and I'm not saying they aren't all admirable people – would look a whole lot better with a whole lot less hair? Is it really so out of gear to wish they'd smarten themselves up a bit?

No doubt they're admirable young men in every way, but . . .

All over the country girls are in love with young men like these. They are waiting for phone calls, dressing to please, telling their friends how smashing he is, wondering what their parents will think of him. (And I could tell them the answer to *that*.)

In short, some girls think such a shaggy-headed male is wonderful, and I feel sorry for them. A long-haired young man may in fact, be wonderful. He may (like the majority of teenagers that no one hears about because they are neither newsworthy nor photographically interesting), be his parents' prop, kind to dumb animals, a conscientious worker, a blood donor, and a possessor of all those other admirable citizenship attributes. But why spoil it by going around behind all that grow-it-yourself undergrowth?

Can it be vanity? Well, hardly. Or poverty – perhaps he can't *afford* to get a haircut? I rather doubt it, in these affluent times. (The young man in one of our

No doubt they're admirable young men in every way, but . . .

pictures, by the way, has about £300-worth of camera slung round his neck.) Is it some kind of mute protest?

Well fine, but if so, what are the shoulder-length-hair boys protesting about? The fact that they belong to what is probably the best fed, best-educated, best medically treated and wealthiest generation this country has ever produced? Or are they, selflessly, protesting on wider issues altogether? Well, there are better ways of doing it.

There are plenty of teenagers around who are "protesting" about the loneliness of old-age pensioners by going and visiting them, "protesting" against disease and pain by training as nurses, "protesting" against ignorance by enrolling in teacher-

No doubt they're admirable young men in every way, but . . .

training colleges. And before anyone brings up that old bromide about protesting against insecurity brought about by living under the shadow of atomic warfare, aren't we all?

I am also rather tired of people who say, "Well, look at the Elizabethans – they had long hair and they were *marvellous*." This seems to me to be a terribly muddled line of thought. Which Elizabethans do they mean? The vast majority of the population had insufficient food, precious little freedom, were unwashed for practically all their lives, and died like flies in countless epidemics. They weren't marvellous, because they didn't have a chance to be. As for the few Elizabethan men who were as talented with an ode as with a sword, there weren't all that many

No doubt they're admirable young men in every way, but . . .

of them, and I can't see the present generation of long-haired Elizabethans pausing from their daily round to compose a madrigal. In any case, long hair with doublet, hose and an elegant old ruff is one thing – long hair with old jeans and T-shirt is quite another.

It is all very well to take the attitude that if men want to wear their hair down to their shoulders why not let them, it's their business, after all. Well, is it, when everywhere we go we can't avoid seeing them? It seems to me to be one of the more noticeable aspects of modern life, and one that is almost totally graceless, dull and inelegant. It is not only the men who seem to set out deliberately to make themselves as unattractive as possible. There are plenty of girls around who dress as though they've been born and brought up in a space capsule (see *London Life* next week for some examples).

Conversation, too, these days seems designed to repel rather than attract. Last week I walked down a street behind two teenage couples. The boys weren't saying much, but the girls were talking avidly. What about – clothes, make-up, pop-groups? No, ingrown toe-nails, actually. While one of the things we can be grateful for is that frank discussion of nearly any subject is allowable these days, I can't help feeling that some subjects are too boring, trivial or repulsive to talk about, let alone with members of the opposite sex whom you presumably wish to attract. And ingrown toe-nails comes pretty near the top of the list.

One of the most irritating aspects of the long-haired cult is the fact that anyone over the age of 25 who dares to criticise it is automatically treated as a fuddy-duddy old doddering who doesn't know what life is all about. Denounce long hair, or mention casually that boys and girls look identical these days, and you are instantly pigeon-holed as a droning wooden-headed colonel from Cheltenham.

Count me in with the colonels.

Contrast: "London Life" photographer John Kelly (above) who took the pictures on these pages.

A GIRL NAMED CASSANDRA

The curve of the arms and hands, the downcast eyes, the tilt of the head – Cassandra Mahon makes poetry with movement as she rehearses with Negro Theatre Workshop for a new play, *Mr Hubert*. For the past five years, the Workshop has been presenting plays and small musicals in London's churches. On 29 April they will appear at the Tower Theatre, Canonbury, in *Mr Hubert*, which is set in Harlem, the so-called Negro ghetto of New York. The primary concern of the company is to provide employment for professional coloured artists in this country, but there is also a consciousness that race relations should be improved. Their most recent work, televised at Easter, was a blues version of the St Luke Passion, *The Dark Disciples*, and all their plays have a foundation of the blues and the dance. *Mr Hubert* argues that the American Negro must redefine himself as an American, not merely as a Negro.

THE MAKING OF MENUHIN (he's 50 this week)

Yehudi Menuhin is celebrating his 50th birthday with a concert at the Royal Festival Hall – and although he will probably not even consider it, the concert will mark over 40 years of outstanding success and adulation. As a youth, he was acclaimed the greatest child prodigy since Mozart, a label which he always found irritating.

Born in New York of Jewish parents, Menuhin made his musical début while only seven before an audience of 9,000 people, to perform Mendelssohn's Concerto with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. The concert was an enormous success and all the Menuhins (now including two daughters) moved to Paris so that Yehudi could study with the renowned Georges Enesco. But the most significant concert of Menuhin's youth took place on the family's return to America. Eleven years old, slightly podgy, dressed in velvet breeches and a white shirt with short sleeves, he stood quietly one November evening on the platform of the Carnegie Hall, and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra played the opening bars of the Beethoven Concerto. Young Yehudi raised his violin nonchalantly to his shoulder and began his enormous task with a quiet and reserved self-assurance. After the concert, even the critics waited in the auditorium, applauding.

Mr Menuhin's views on the "child prodigy" label that dogged him as a distraction through his youth have always been decided. At 14 he said: "A person is either an artist or he is not, and age has little to do with it – there is only one standard by which music may be judged – it is either good or it is bad." Despite the plea, it seems likely that the enormous audiences he attracted during his youth came first to witness rather than to listen to "the latest American freak," as a Berlin newspaper later described him. In fairness both to Menuhin and his audiences they came a second time to listen.

Menuhin now – for the first time in his life – attends school regularly. And he enjoys it almost as a passion. At Stoke d'Abernon he has established a school that is attended by violin pupils of several nationalities and he talks about it with enthusiasm. He always assumes that the children will be fired with the same spirit of perfectionism as was he himself and he contents himself with describing only what is immediately practical. "I never distract them." he says, "with pedagogic witticisms." But then he doesn't distract adults in this way either.

A continuing interest to Menuhin is the Bath Festival. When it was re-established in 1958, Menuhin became the Artistic Director.

This year, Menuhin will be conducting his first opera, and later in the year he will be appearing with the Bath Orchestra at the World Fair in Toronto.

The Yehudi Menuhin 50th Birthday Concert takes place at the Royal Festival Hall on 26 April. Sir Adrian Boult shares the rostrum with Menuhin. The other soloists include his sisters Yaltah and Hephzibah, and his son Jeremy.

This remarkable family album photograph (above) is one of the earliest of Menuhin, the child prodigy. Compare it with the photograph (left) taken on a recent tour, and with his pianist son Jeremy (below), aged 14.

FOR A NEW COVENT GARDEN –

A new face for the 80 acres of Central London called Covent Garden . . . This is the largest project of its kind planned for the foreseeable future. The area contains the oldest square in London, the Royal Opera House, prized architecture by Inigo Jones. Whatever the Planners do, some toes will be trodden on, some loss felt. Will it be a beautifully planned centre which incorporates existing buildings or a glorious free-for-all? asks CAROLE D'ALBIAC

Every hour, 2,960 people walk along the Strand. In 15 years' time these people will be actively encouraged not to by-pass Covent Garden, but to walk through it, to reach the West End, Soho, Regent Street on the one hand or the river, the City or London University on the other.

The Market will go, lock, stock and barrow. It is true that since the Covent Garden Market Bill of 1963, a strong case has been put for retaining the flower market, with its picturesque Doolittle/Higgins associations, the piquant contrast of Opera House and flowers, even if the fruit and vegetable markets go. But for practical reasons it has now been decided that the flowers must go too. So seven acres of a market given its first letters patent in 1670 will pass into the freehold of the three local authorities involved: the Greater London Council, the City of Westminster and the Borough of Camden.

The Covent Garden Planning Team, a "consortium" of the three local authorities, consists of seven planners and three administrators. They will talk about their plans, but prefer to remain anonymous.

Buchanan's Law

Their first declared objective is Buchanan's First Commandment: the separation of cars and pedestrians. Easy to propose, it is immensely complicated to realise. It will mean the end of the present jostling (some say lovable) confusion. "The vast pedestrian stream is moving round, not flowing through, Covent Garden. We have to reverse this process, to make the Garden attractive." Pedestrians will be encouraged to walk round in an Open Space, which at best could be a 20th-century Venice, at worst a fussy pedestrian playpen like parts of Coventry.

The second objective is to increase the number of people living in Central London, who will be able to move more easily to fewer offices. So a fairly high proportion of the 80 acres may be blocks of flats, and special consideration will be given to students, in accordance with the scheme to make London University one of the areas to be linked up by the redevelopment. The idea of students seems to please everyone. They will preserve the traditional Bohemian and intellectual atmosphere of the Garden, where Johnson and Boswell met. Besides, the University will welcome any such provision with open arms. Mrs Tabert, University lodgings officer, had 3,245 freshmen on her books last October, and is delighted at the prospect of central accommodation: "I do hate putting little freshmen out at Barnet!"

Planning for fun

The planning team's third objective is Entertainment. The Open Space is intended to draw people, as did the original Convent Garden, but in most cases for less peaceful pursuits. This is the most complicated part of the conception, because the traditional entertainment already there is "highbrow."

The Royal Opera House, built originally in 1733 and then, after a fire, rebuilt by E M Barry, is desperately in need of room to expand. At the moment a great deal of time and money is lost because of lack of space: the opera company is rehearsed in the Commercial Road, the ballet company in Richmond or Hammersmith, the orchestra has no room to go to, and some of the scenery is stored in Kent.

Sir David Webster says: "In spite of the fact that it is very beautiful inside, the Opera House was never built to do the job we ask it to do now. . . . We need a very great deal more space than we have now – I should say about two-thirds as much again."

The planning team will certainly try to mix the kinds of entertainment in the area as much as possible. They would like lecture halls, dance halls, discothèques, Bingo and bowling alleys, "so that people may go bowling first and perhaps finish up at the opera." And there are plenty of other possible "highbrow" claimants, likes the Royal College of Music.

The only problem is, will there be enough space? And if there isn't, will the hygienic sweep of planning destroy the Opera House in order to leave room for 20th-century innovations? Petty quibbling over half an acre could do it, and the Opera House be turned into a dance hall and a series of luxurious television cubicles. The fact that the management of the Opera House have not already been assured of their minimum requirements *could* mean that it is looked on as a rival authority to be treated with suspicion and chipped away at.

The present unique market atmosphere surrounding the Opera House is to go; so, when the bowling alleys come, will the evening dress and probably the chandeliers. None of that matters perhaps as long as what a passionate minority regards as our greatest, and their only, theatre, is allowed to expand. But, on the brightest side, it is possible that the planning team will achieve a spontaneous – or at least not too forced – merging of the two cultures, trad and pop, in an entirely new setting, and without first razing the old. To be avoided absolutely is the temptation to crowd everything into a determinedly complete fun palace.

The shops

The fourth ingredient will be shops and restaurants – lots of them, and most people hope they will be small. The question is, will they be the same shops and restaurants as everywhere else, only with wider glass fronts? Though the team seem ominously resigned to the fact that "the whole world is becoming the same," there is also some stirring talk about the individual character of the area, the small traditional workshops, the costumiers, the wig-makers, the scenery painters and several publishers for long associated with the area, whom they hope to encourage and retain.

The team maintain that "We are planners not developers; we create the atmosphere, we don't plan the menu." But what is atmosphere if it is not what a place looks like and who is there? Why has planning tended, in the 25 years it has been maturing, to obliterate architecture? Frustrated architects turn to designing millionaires' bungalows, stage scenery or furniture – and junior ones, not necessarily the best, work firmly under the thumbs of most of the planners.

Kenneth Browne, an architectural editor who has a passionate interest in Covent Garden redevelopment, says that on paper we have the best planning framework in the world. The authorities can control size, height, daylight and building materials. He says: "Planning is a very complicated task, and all too often in the industrious collection of information, the sorting out of ownership, traffic, the application of by-laws, and phasing the building operations, the sense of what it will look and feel like in three dimensions, and as you walk through it, is left out. The trees can obscure the wood."

Will they be spared?

For example, how much of the present "splendid chaos" will be allowed to stand? The team say that St Paul's Church by Inigo Jones and the Opera House itself will stay. But what about Fowler's Neo-Classical market buildings which could be adapted for restaurants and dancing? Lord Archer's house, a splendid example of 18th-century baroque, and the Bedford Chambers and Floral Hall? Will there be what Kenneth Browne calls "a desiccated conception of what it ought to be like with everything in compartments and no mixing by order"? And will contractors be prevented from using materials which weather the brave new conceptions for more than a few years?

Covent Garden was a civic square in 1630. It is the oldest square in London. The planners have the present formation of two squares, a smaller and a larger, stamped on their writing paper. They will preserve that. But whether the original idea of the arcades, the contrast of noisy and quiet squares, the individuality of a place in the middle of London but so different from the rest of London, will be preserved remain to be seen.

– A BEAUTIFUL NEW FACE

A new face for important ballet roles at the world-famous Royal Opera House, Covent Garden . . . This is the story of an amazing break that has come the way of dancer Jennifer Penney (pictured by Keith McMillan). Over the page is another intriguing close-up (in words by IAN WOODWARD) and another great picture of this young Canadian girl who is fast becoming the new star face in Covent Garden's renowned Royal Ballet Company.

A NEW STAR *continued*

For Jennifer Penney – her friends call her Jenny or Penny: "People are always mixing up the two names," she says, "but I don't seem to notice it any more" – life is all happening. And for her the number four has a certain magic for it has conjured up nothing but good luck . . . because in the space of nine weeks she will have made her *début* in no fewer than four important soloist roles in Britain's leading ballet company.

Jenny is a brilliant, pretty 20-year-old dancer in the Royal Ballet company at Covent Garden. Her exceptional talent has suddenly been recognised by the powers-that-be and she has been given the kind of "break" every young dancer must dream of. First she's been cast for the difficult virtuoso-piece *pas de quatre* in *Swan Lake*, which she danced for the first time on 21 March; she followed this up on 9 April with the intricate Fairy Spring in *Cinderella*; then she will be making her *début* in the Blue Bird *pas de deux* in *The Sleeping Beauty* on 6 May; and, her biggest role yet, as Titania *(right)* in Ashton's *The Dream* on 28 May.

Jennifer Penney – no stage name this – was born in Vancouver, British Columbia, on 5 April 1946, and had her first-ever dancing lesson when she was 12. Her teachers were Gweneth Lloyd and Betty Farrally at the Canadian School of Ballet, where she stayed for five years until she came to Britain in 1962 to study at the Royal Ballet School, Hammersmith. She was admitted to the Royal Ballet company in 1963 and her clean classical style was immediately apparent.

Blue-eyed Jenny Penney, who shares an Earl's Court flat with a fellow Royal Ballet dancer, Maxine Denys, is quiet-spoken and usually communicates with an accent that does not betray her Canadian upbringing – except when, as if forgetting herself, she slips right back into her attractive Vancouver drawl. She is of average height (5 ft. 4 in.) and proportions for a dancer, and weighs a mere 7 st. 3 lb.: "I have no trouble in keeping my weight down, and the only thing I am at all careful about is in using saccharin sweeteners in place of sugar in tea or coffee." Offstage, her mouse-brunette hair hangs very modellish, admirably complementing her *chic* tastes in fashion. As is the case with a great many dancers, she likes spending her money on the latest "in" clothes. "I love clothes to bits," she says in one of her typical ways of expressing something. She will then come out with such overworked showbiz superlatives as "super," "dreamy," "fab" or "glorious."

She is very fond of MacMillan as a choreographer: "His ballets are such fun to dance in – *Romeo and Juliet* is just glorious. There are things, though, particularly character roles, that just bore me to tears – like *Les Noces*, oh my golly! Even *Les Sylphides* can be a bit of a drag, depending on the mood you happen to be in when dancing it. Oh boy, sometimes you feel a bit of a twit just standing there looking *so* serious, when perhaps you may be feeling on top of the world and wanting to let rip by shouting to the audience *'Whatcha, everyone!'* in the middle of some dreary old ensemble number."

She doesn't smoke or drink, like all good dancers shouldn't, and hates wines in particular, although occasionally she will "go mad and have a beer or a John Collins or something." But she admits to one particular "vice" – chewing bubble gum . . . during performances. She's probably the only gum-chewing Swan under mysterious von Rothbart's spell at Covent Garden.

Occasionally, when she's getting just a bit fed up watching television or playing records ("I like all sorts of music, particularly the Beatles") on her Sundays off, she will "storm" a discothèque or night club with some of her closest friends. Her favourite haunts are the Scotch, Dolly's, and The Ambiance. And if she's asked to dance, she'll have "a good old go."

When Jennifer Penney dances the *pas de quatre* at Covent Garden on 30 April, the Blue Bird on 6 May and Titania on 28 May, London will be seeing one of the greatest young talents ever to make such a formidable impact in so short a space of time. I predict that one day her name will be a prized possession of British ballet.

Jennifer Penney, in the costume of Titania in "The Dream," poses for this exclusive open-air photograph in a real woodland setting.

MAGICIANS WON'T SAW ME UP

It's too expensive these days, writes CHERRY WARD

When a woman is invited to join the Monday night reunion of magicians at the Magic Circle, she should walk warily – for the Magic Circle will admit no women, as they have the age-old theory that women cannot keep a secret. Quite ridiculous, of course, as everything I know and should not know has come from strictly male sources!

However, any invitation is suspicious as the only reason they would ever invite a woman would be because they badly needed a guinea-pig – and a girl is not necessarily keen on decapitation or being sawn in two! Anyway, my curiosity overcame the danger signals. So I told the office not to be surprised if they saw a skirt and jumper walk in the office next morning . . . and I trotted off to the magicians' meeting.

Many a passer-by rushing down the Euston Road would hesitate if they knew that in a certain gloomy basement lay 6,000 years of secrets and the answers to mysteries they have puzzled over since boyhood. But it was not just the past that pushed me into taking the risk of becoming invisible – the big fascination was the fact that new secrets are still being invented.

Selling secrets

The International Society of Qualified Magicians has 15,000 members belonging to 30 different countries, but it is the only society of this kind to have its own headquarters and weekly debates. Six hundred magicians are at liberty in London – but not all of them are professionals; many are very clever amateurs who invent and sell secrets. A canary going through a solid mirror has made Howard de Courcey famous, and no other magician has discovered how he does it . . . yet he bought the secret from an amateur.

The basement was empty when I arrived, and everyone was gathered in a tiny lecture hall watching the magician of the week tell them all he knew. The idea is that they should discuss anything they have learned or would like to learn. Any new trick is performed and then a debate follows as to how it is done, how well it was done or how much better it could be done.

There were uneasy, hostile glances as I slipped discreetly on to a wooden chair. A magician was giving a few tips on close-up magic in which he specialises. At the end of the lecture they poured into the chilly basement to discuss and argue. There were over 100 magicians – fat ones, thin ones, tall ones, small ones and a gorgeous Italian called Sylvan, who is appearing at the Savoy.

"A conjurer can get away with murder if he has sex appeal," a magician told me. "The audience only half look at his hands and they miss the obvious."

The president, Francis White, ushered me into the Magic Circle's museum of old apparatus. There is David Devant's chocolate soldier, Sir Henry Irving's sword, which produced electric sparks when he played the part of Mephistopheles at the Lyceum in 1885. Yet another sword belonged to the Great Lafayette and was found on his remains after the fire in the Empire Theatre on 9 March 1911. It was here that he died because he went back through the flames to save his animals. There are also hundreds of handbills and programmes in the museum. One poster for the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, proudly states: "Patronised by royalty, nobility, clergy, gentry *and* the public." Best of all, there are perfect children's boxes of tricks dating from Victorian days, which make the conjuror's box we buy for our children at Christmas look like rubbish.

"The collection we have here is worth at least £100,000, if one could give it a value," Francis White told me. "Of course, we no longer need a lot of this apparatus – no more tables with holes in the top. We can do the same magic with our bare hands. We are tired of pulling rabbits out of hats. It is more fun for us and the public to pull doves out of a flimsy piece of silk."

I asked about the animals, which I always thought had a very bad deal. No matter how the trick is done, I asked, surely the doves, rabbits or what-have-you, are crushed miserably and regularly suffocated? "You have no idea how strict the RSPCA are with us." White reassured me. "As soon as they hear of a new act involving animals they come around like a shot and demand to be shown how it is done. They are the only people we have to disclose our secrets to. But don't worry – no animals are used without their approval."

A carve-up?

A young magician can earn up to £250 a week, I was informed, "either in children's parties, private receptions or nightclubs." But the art of magic has been sorely tried by the art of "tele" watching. Mothers tend to take the easy way out of party problems by switching on the "box" instead of hiring a magician for a party. In fact, if she had £10 to spare she could keep them just as quiet and far more enthralled by ringing a conjuror.

Could a magician saw me in two? I asked, bravely. "You are talking about illusion," said John Salisse, chairman of the Entertainment Committee. "It wouldn't hurt *you* to be cut up but it hurts the magician's pocket. He needs a capital of at least £35,000 these days to buy the necessary equipment and even then it is hardly worth it, as we rarely work on a big enough stage nowadays. Robert Harbin is still going strong, but he is one of the last."

So I had to make do with a slightly cheaper trick. John Tremaine pulled out a matchbox and, lighting my cigarette, commented: "What child would refuse to believe in magic when he has seen this as close as you are watching me now . . .?"

And the matchbox stood on the back of his motionless hand, turned round, lay flat on its back and sat perkily up again. I didn't argue. But then I always have believed in fairies. Yet I am pleased to conclude that I actually was in my skirt and jumper when they walked into the office the next day!

So this is what's new at the zoo

Four white-bearded gnus for a start. And a Sclater's spot-nosed monkey and a fulvous whistling duck and an agile wallaby and a white-winged vampire.

It's stocktaking time at the zoo and the annual report of the London Zoological Society makes intriguing reading. Anyone who thinks zoos revolve around lovesick pandas and freedom-seeking eagles and Lord Snowdon's aviary is in for a surprise.

The list of new animals received during the year reads like a cast list for a Walt Disney epic. There are animals we never knew existed and as many variations on the most common beast, bird and reptile. The tortoise for instance is more than just a tortoise. There are at least nine types, from the European pond to the indefatigable giant.

There are more than 50 snakes – red bellied, checkered keelback, Texas garter and yellow rat, to mention but four. There are barking tree frogs, and fire-bellied toads and a spectacled cayman.

The birds certainly take the cuttlefish for fascinating names. Think of the image conjured up by the barefooted scops owl, the masked lovebird, the red-faced lovebird and the lesser superb bird of Paradise. Not to mention the silver-spangled hamburgs.

Strange too are some of the unlikely creatures donated to the Society. A Mrs Bettinell for instance, gave one striped skunk – no doubt with much relief. The Right Hon The Viscount Chaplin donated two vampire bats, one white-winged vampire, several boas and frogs.

Equally fascinating are the titles of some of the seminars held by London Zoo during the year: "Parental behaviour of doves"; "Field studies of baboon behaviour"; and "the aggressive behaviour in deer mice."

And somebody called Z Veselovsky is recorded as having written in the *International Zoo Yearbook* "A contribution to the knowledge of the reproduction of the two-toed sloth."

That's what's new at the zoo . . .

I LIKE THIS SLEEK SAFETY

says RODNEY BURBECK, who comments on some exciting developments in one of Britain's best popular cars

Two new Fords out today continue the swing from traditional lines towards a new smooth but "sporty" saloon look. A compact and boxy Zodiac and a sleek Zephyr have unique V6 engines, four-wheel independent suspension, self-adjusting power disc-brakes, and interiors as lush as a director's boardroom. And Fords claim new standards of comfort, performance and safety in their latest models. I can well believe that; they come after three years' development at the Ford Engineering Centre at Aveley in Essex. The V6 engines are unique in British cars. The 3-litre Zodiac, with twin-choke Weber carburettor, gives the car a maximum speed comfortably topping 100 mph and a 95 mph cruising speed. And despite its elegant limousine appearance, it is well in the sports car class, with an acceleration of 30 mph in 3.5 seconds and 0-60 mph in 11.5 seconds. In top it can achieve 30 to 50 mph in only eight seconds. The Zephyr has a 2½-litre engine of similar design, producing 118.5 bhp. It has a cruising maximum of 97 mph and clocks 0 to 30 mph in 4.7 seconds and 0 to 60 mph in 13 seconds. And the Zephyr is also available with a 2-litre V4 engine, having a touring fuel consumption of 26 mpg. The Zephyr 6 consumes 23 mpg and the Zodiac 21 mpg.

Plush comfort is the attraction of the Zodiac's interior (above), which admirably complements the sleek outer design (below).

Fords are particularly proud of the four-wheel independent suspension of all the new models. The front suspension has a unique flexible union which cuts down road noise – the thud of cats' eyes, for instance, is reduced to a soft patter.

But most of all I approve of the accent on safety. Doors are equipped with anti-burst crash locks; interior handles are recessed; the body is of integral construction. And the front end has the capacity to absorb crash energy by deforming progressively in a major collision. On top of that, the spare wheel is housed under the bonnet, ahead of the engine, to give even more buffer protection.

Pillar-mounted front seat-belt anchorages are standard; the two-spoke steering wheel is dished and designed to yield under impact. The horns are operated by bars set flush with the wheel spokes – research-proved to be safer and giving an unrestricted view of the instruments. The instrument panel is recessed into the padded facia, and the interior mirror detaches from its stem on impact. To sum up: full marks for safety. Nine out of 10 for comfort.

Prices (including purchase tax and delivery): Zephyr 4 £932 16s 8d; Zephyr 6 £1,005 6s 8d; Zodiac £1,220 8s 4d.

HOW LAYA RAKI KEEPS GETTING ON THE FRONT PAGES

"It's part of the business to arrive at premieres in a low-cut dress," she tells JOHN VINER.

Miss Laya Raki is the girl who has yet to ride her own trail of stardom, but in the last 13 years she has hitched her plunging profile to a hundred and one other star personalities. Wherever a show business crowd gathered, wherever flash-bulbs popped, there would be Miss Raki: the professional at work.

With the candour born of long experience, she says: "I like press photographers: they are creative people. It's part of the business to arrive at a première in a low-cut dress – and if that's what they want, then that's what they get." In truth she has toyed with the idea of facing her retinue of cameramen wearing a high-cut dress, "but then I thought they will say I haven't got a bust no more, so I don't wear a high dress."

The last time Miss Raki made a film in England was in 1957. Since then she has been working in Italy and Spain, and has done a film called *The Savage Pampas*, which was recently premièred in Saragossa. But Miss Raki would be the first to admit that Saragossa has not the same attraction as London.

Why does Laya Raki have this homing instinct for the front page of national newspapers? "It's because I have to sell myself," she says. "In America it's more difficult to sell yourself – you have to oversell – but in this country things are more normal; I just sell." Miss Raki, who lives with her actor husband Ron Randell in London's Westbury Hotel ("We haven't got a real home"), says she keeps only her up-to-date press cuttings, in a book three inches thick. She has at hand a random selection of 60-odd photographs, most of which promulgate that famous cleavage.

Miss Raki posed for "London Life" in her "premiere special" gold lame dress, surrounded by some of her scores of pin-up pictures.

She tells a story of her front-page instinct when she flew to America to be a guest at the première of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, starring Trevor Howard and Marlon Brando. "The morning after I got four out of five front-page pictures, and the next time I met Trevor Howard he said, 'Oh yes, you got some good publicity for us. Thank you.'" But she claims Mr Howard wasn't really sore: "Everyone in show business likes to get their picture in." She then thought for a moment and added: "Wouldn't it be terrible if I was somewhere and no one took a picture." So far that particular catastrophe has yet to occur. Miss Raki, who was born in Germany of a Dutch-Javanese mother and a French father, says she cannot remember a time when she did not want to be an actress: "I made friends at school by dancing for other pupils." She left school at 14 and joined a Swedish dancing troupe. At 16 she made her first film, a German one, where she played a Malayan dancer. For the part she wore flowers, a pair of panties and little else. "But it wasn't indecent," she added.

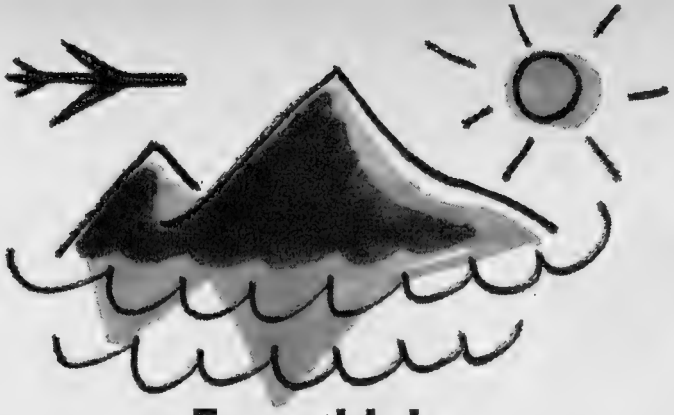
An American glamour magazine once offered her 5,000 dollars to pose in the nude for them. But her husband wasn't too happy about the idea, so she refused to do it. Since then she has appeared without her clothes, but without revealing anything, for similar English magazine.

Her social life, she says, is not extensive: "I don't go out much except to show-business affairs. And I don't like premières very much, except that you meet such interesting people. I always dress up for them because it's a matter of courtesy if the film company have sent you free tickets." And for our photograph Miss Raki insinuated herself into a creation which is really a première special. It was made for her by a young designer from the House of Dior – at a cost of £400 – and is made of 18-carat gold lamé. The embossed flowers are of 22-carat gold – but the neckline is hers and hers alone. Once she is wearing the dress it is obvious her treasured statistics are 36-22-36.

While posing for the camera she told me that after three years in the *Crane* series on television she is now considering a new series for the small screen. She hitched up the front of her dress and said: "I do wear jeans, you know." And then finally breathed: "I'm not really a glamour star: I think like an actress." She might think like an actress, but I feel millions of newspaper readers will always regard her as the perennial ultimate in glamour girls.

TELEVISION FOR THE TOURIST

A new television network will be launched in London this summer – but for tourists only. It will operate a daily service for visitors to London, transmitting news, feature programmes and films about tourist events and facilities available in and around London. The service, networked to hotels, will be operated by the British Travel Association and Welcome Services (Television) Ltd, a "sister" company of ABC-TV. The first phase of the service – starting in June will cover six central London hotels and later in the year it will be extended to other hotels.



Ever think of the Azores for a holiday?

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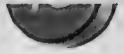

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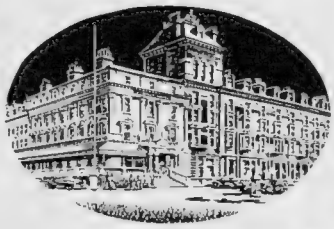

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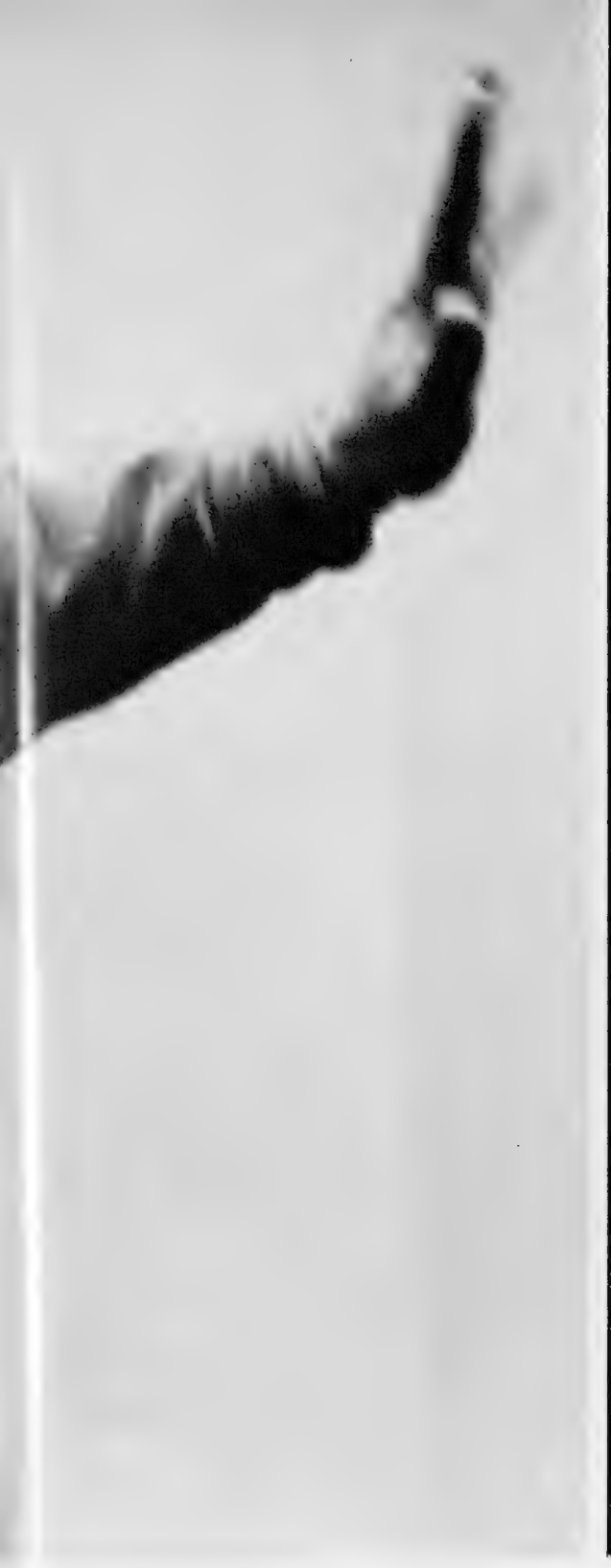
ROD STEIGER EXPERIMENTS IN SOUND

Television tends to collect the publicity these days, but meanwhile sound radio continues to experiment and build its reputation. Statistics indicate that more and more people prefer to listen in the evenings these days and seem quite happy without the visuals. Radio plays are not always the 49th repeat of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* or yet another kindergarten murder mystery on Saturday nights. A couple of years ago there was the great reproduction of Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood* with Richard Burton, and next month the BBC is pulling out all stops again with a version of one of the most interesting dramatic variants of the last decade. This is Orson Welles's adaptation of Herman Mel-



ville's epic *Moby Dick*. In its original form the narration had a vast enough conception – the mad Captain Ahab's maniac search for the great white whale. It has tempted the film-makers, none too successfully, and also tempted the play-makers. Welles, being Welles, made a fresh adaptation and made his play out of a *rehearsal* for the play of *Moby Dick*. This version was mounted on the London stage, at the Duke of York's Theatre in 1955 and Welles himself appeared.

For the radio version Rod Steiger plays Ahab. He was in the New York production. "It was a huge flop," he says. "You need seven good notices to survive – we got five and a half." Steiger feels, none the less, that this is the best thing he has ever done.

As a bonus, the cast of *Moby Dick* includes Mrs Rod Steiger – actress Claire Bloom – who was appearing on the London stage at the time of the recording. She plays the tiny role of Pip, a cabin boy. Odds are, incidentally, that the Sound Effects Department will be able to achieve far more satisfactory effects for the sound play than any visuals dreamed up out of the workshops at Lime Grove.

These exclusive *London Life* pictures by Tony Sullivan were taken when Mr and Mrs Steiger were recording the play. *"Moby Dick," BBC Third Programme 8.30, 2 May.*

FOR LOVE OF IVAN

In Japan it is cherry blossom time, and to fit the mood of spring here is a simple love story. Yasuko, the little Japanese flower-girl, and Ivan, the tall Hungarian writer (pictured together on the right), met during the Olympiad. Here Yasuko tells J ROGER BAKER the story of her romance, of her struggle against the forces of ancient Japanese tradition.

This is the story of Yasuko Nagazumi who, with one gesture, broke through the barriers of ancient Japanese tradition and flew across half the world to marry the man she loved. After her secret flight from Tokyo in January, she arrived – tired, ill, dishevelled – at London Airport, a few belongings tucked into a bag. Waiting was Ivan Berenyi: tall, handsome Hungarian journalist. Two days later they were married at a Hungarian Protestant church in Kensington. Now they are settling into their Chelsea flat.

Sitting with the neatness of a folded flower, Yasuko told her story. Perhaps it was the veil of language, perhaps the lack of inflection in the Japanese accent, but her almost matter-of-fact delivery lent her narration an extra touch of poignancy. Always beside her was Ivan, protectively, clarifying points that became snarled up in the complexities of English construction.

Yasuko was brought up with that mixture of severity and love common among well-to-do families all over the world but which has added astringency in Japan. Her father, Sanji Nagazumi, is a doctor with a flourishing general practice; her brother Atsushi is also training to be a doctor.

"Japanese family life is very tight," she says. "My brother is older than me, so I was always babied. But we are brought up to have great respect for our elders – we have to use a special vocabulary."

"Full of honorifics," put in Ivan.

"And families interfere with their children so much," Yasuko continued. "It is very regimentalised: we all have certain duties and are never allowed to stay out late. I always had to be home by 10 o'clock."

Yasuko was given the best upbringing possible in modern Tokyo. She attended the university and graduated in English and American studies – her command of English is excellent – and lived at home: "I graduated in March 1965. I could have become a secretary and worked in an office – I can do shorthand and typing – but I wanted to do something creative and use my talents." So she joined Noriko Hono Nakamura, one of Japan's leading experts in the traditional art of flower arrangement, helping with the important monthly exhibitions and doing floral decorations for the Tokyo Hilton. It was a sophisticated, amusing life for a blossoming girl. She did a little photographic modelling, too. But these were just superficial gestures to the glamorous Western world; all the time Yasuko was being trained for a correct Japanese marriage.

"I spent five years learning the Tea Ceremony," she explained.

"What a waste of time," put in Ivan, laughing.

"No, it sounds silly," Yasuko agreed, laughing as well, "but it is a very important preparation for marriage, a complicated ceremony designed to make a wife quiet and obedient. I also had to learn Zen Buddism which goes with it."

How they met

All was well until the great summer of the Olympic Games – and there, at the final ceremony, she met Ivan. Ivan went along to the Games with a girl he had met in Belgrade. Yasuko also knew this girl through odd pieces of translation work she would do. "When we met I just grabbed Yasuko and we disappeared into the crowd," said Ivan. It was love at first sight and for two months the couple, who both spoke English well, were inseparable.

"We would meet between my classes and discuss the differences between Japan and the West, resulting from lectures I'd attended or Japanese literature Ivan was reading at the time. Our main point of discussion would usually be that Japanese culture is based on a sense of shame – the Japanese really *mind* what people think, are scared of being criticised. Western culture is based on Christianity and the sense of guilt."

The exploration of these differing philosophies probably helped Yasuko strengthen her mind when the crisis came. But meanwhile it was a happy round of cinemas and theatres: Ivan still needing to see as much Japanese culture as possible. They would meet for meals and he was introduced to her parents, who met him four or five times. Finally, and quite correctly, Ivan approached Yasuko's parents with a formal application for her hand in marriage. Reaction was instant – they were forbidden to meet.

After the proposal, Yasuko and Ivan did not see each other for two months. But two days before he was due to leave Tokyo a meeting was arranged. "A girl friend rang my parents to give the impression I was meeting her," Yasuko recalled. "We did not kiss – there was so much to talk about. We had to work out a master plan. It seemed so unreal at the time, and so difficult. There was always the possibility of slipping up – and, of course, if my parents found out it would have been stopped. But I decided in that coffee bar that all I could do was believe in Ivan."

For 10 months Yasuko and Ivan kept in touch by letter – he had worked here before, and is a graduate of Bristol University. Finally, he sent word to Yasuko that he had paid for her flight to London. All she had to do was choose her time.

"It was an agonising decision to make," Yasuko says. "I cried every night before I left." But even at this crucial stage an unlooked-for setback happened. The night before she was due to fly to London Yasuko drove her car off the road. "I got out and tried to push it, but it started to roll backwards. I fell and the wheels went over my legs and my ear was almost torn off. I tried to make myself as small as possible and watched the car roll down the hill."

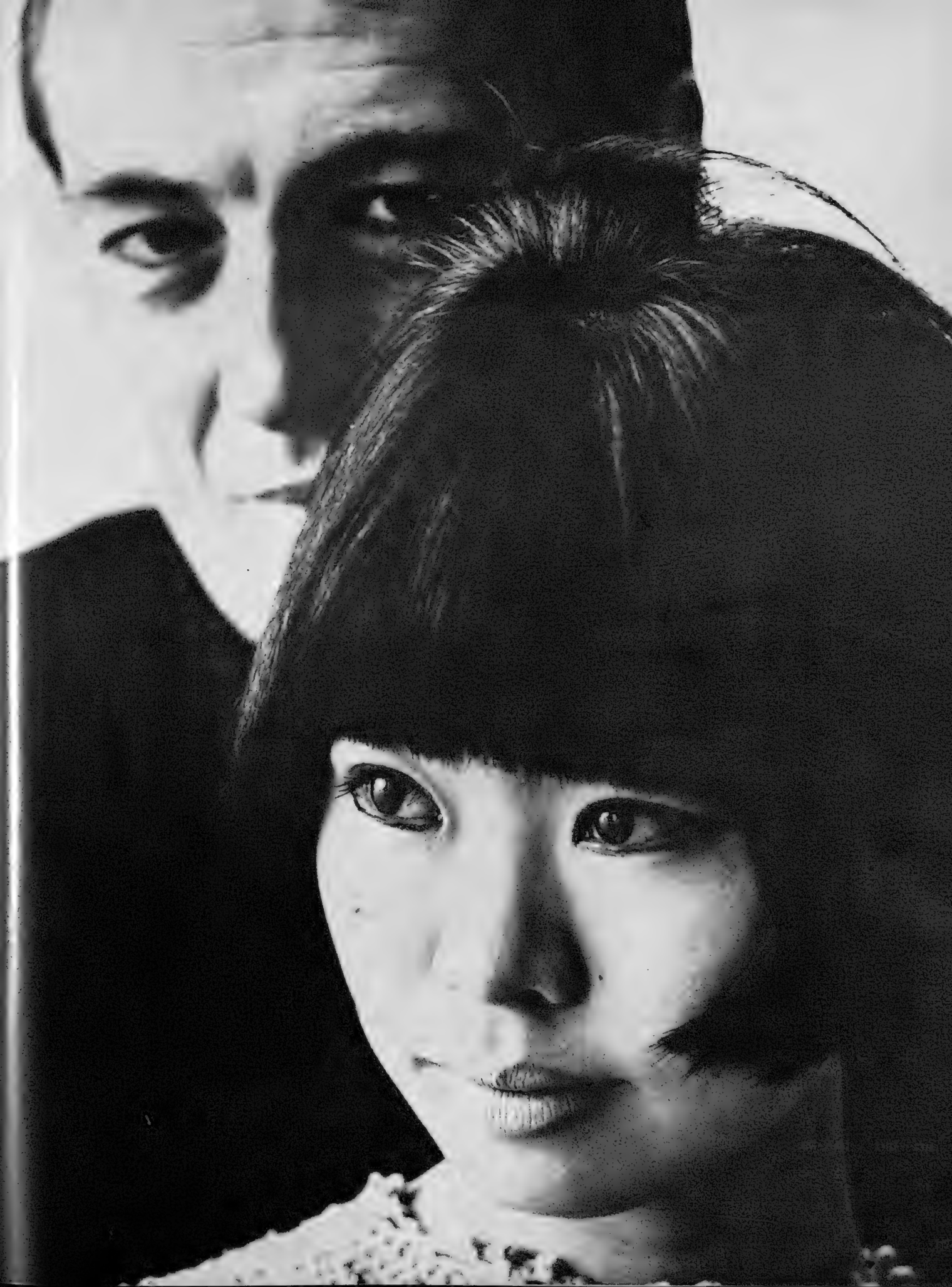
Ten days in hospital set her plans awry, but soon another flight was arranged. "It was terrible. I had never flown before and, of course, I could take nothing with me that would arouse suspicion. I had to leave my beautiful kimonos behind, and my other clothes. It was so hot and dusty; for 14 days before I left there had been no rain. I had a little pet dog and though I knew I should never see him again, I could not bring myself to say *sayonara*. On the day I left I told my mother I was going to the hairdresser and that I would be back by seven. I hated the flight . . . I was sick all the way from Rome to London. They brought me one of those great big English breakfasts, but I couldn't eat."

The telegrams

At the airport a telegram was waiting from Yasuko's parents. Ivan rang them and they asked him to fly her back – alone. He refused, there were more tears, but on the wedding day another telegram arrived, wishing them good luck and happiness.

Yasuko and Ivan have a white and silver wedding album. The photographs show the tiny bride and tall groom: "I was crying all the time," Yasuko says. Among the guests at the reception was one Japanese man. "We saw him across the road one day. I could tell he was a tourist; I didn't know him. But I wanted to have a Japanese face at my wedding, for my parents' sake. So we asked him if he would come to our reception. He said he would be pleased – so there was a Japanese guest after all."

In July, Mr and Mrs Nagazumi are coming to London to stay with their daughter and son-in-law. Yasuko is excited, partly because she will see her parents again, partly because it means she has been forgiven and Ivan accepted. "They tell me in letters that they are getting up very early in the mornings now to take English lessons from the radio and television. I do hope my mother will bring my kimonos . . . I am so happy."



EXPERTS ON THEIR SUBJECTS
SONGWRITING - BY PADDY ROBERTS

When I started, back in 1934, a songwriter went to a publisher. You would argue terms with him and settle for a percentage and he would give you an advance. The publisher would then brood over it, call his own staff in and they would decide how to publish. They printed music in sheet form, then there would be the commercial orchestration, a highly skilled job because the song would be played by anything from a three-piece to a 24-piece orchestra.

The pluggers would then go out to orchestras, like Ambrose. There was no thought of a record company. It was they who went to the publisher and asked *permission* to record. The publishers were indifferent – a record that hit the top would only sell about 60,000 copies, whereas a million copies of the sheet music would be sold.

These days, who cares about anything but the record? Now the song-writers go straight to the recording companies, or the boys write their own. It is the publisher who is a worried man – unless he has a large catalogue of standards.

I am planning to move down to Dartmouth and slowly pack up performing. I'm a grandfather now and getting to the stage where I need to withdraw . . . slowly. But I still want to write a few nice songs.

I always wanted to write. Even at prep school I was writing jingly verses, comedy ones. And I fancied myself writing music of a rather more serious nature. I was born in South Africa and when I'd finished my schooling my father asked me what I wanted to do. I said to go to England and write music. My father was an engineer and thought the idea was absurd, sheer lunacy. Well, 99 times out of 100 he was dead right so I took two degrees in law and set up practice in Durban.

Instant yachting

It lasted for about eight months. I never really liked it, I was rather half-hearted. One day I saw a yacht in the bay. I went aboard and found some lunatic Englishmen who were just finishing a trip round the world in it. I asked them if they'd take me on; they said was I serious? I said yes; they said they were sailing the next day; I said that was fine. So I arrived in England in 1934, I was 23 and had precisely £8.

The music I was writing was bloody rubbish, pretentious stuff. One thing settled my life though. I found a letter from my father waiting for me at the bank. He said he didn't want me to be without money so had deposited £100 for me – but I had to use it on my return fare. So I just had to prove to myself that I could manage.

The beginning was terribly hard. It was very tough to break in. There was a preponderance of Americans. If my father

had not inferred my obvious failure I might have given up. But I met two broke writers and we knocked out a song a night. Publishers had a soft spot, you know, and would give us the odd fiver as an advance. We did publish a lot, including a number called *Horsey Horsey*, which still earns me about £1 a week.

The war saved me from death by malnutrition. I went into the RAF and later I joined BOAC who wanted pilots with navigational experience.

But my older boy got polio, he had to be pushed around and carried upstairs, so I gave up the job and started working at Chappells and started writing again. Then for one year everything went right. Norrie Paramour sent me a tune and I wrote the words for it. He liked the result – it was called *Softly Softly* – and said he was going to record it with a new girl called Ruby Murray. I thought, why saddle me with a new girl? But it stayed at number one for 13 weeks and it opened the gates.

I am basically not a pop writer – I don't like the Top 20 and wouldn't buy the records myself. Basically they are all the same. I started to train myself to write professionally, not as any form of art. The BBC would ask for an opening tune and I would write it. Same with film songs.

In 1959 George Martin, the A & R man for Parlophone, called and asked me if I'd write a song for Benny Hill. I came up with *The Ballad of Bethnal Green*. I sang it for Benny Hill who liked it but said it wasn't for him. Eventually it was suggested I recorded it myself. Don't be so bloody stupid, I said. I'm 50 years old and I've never sung before except in the bath or in the mess. But I thought, well what can we lose? So I wrote a song for the other side.

Then it was decided it was really LP material so I wrote another eight. The recording was like shelling peas; I knew the songs, of course; my diction was good, I didn't sing in tune but that didn't matter. The record was a roaring success. We sold about 140,000 LPs and a quarter of a million EPs. *The Ballad* was played on Two-Way Family Favourites three Sundays in a row – and that's the biggest plug in the business. My fifth LP was released last month. That's a lot of songs, more than 70 to be funny with, and I'm getting tired. I'd love to write *Hamlet* now.

Noël Coward has always been the man I looked up to. When I was young I would sit at the piano and sing through all his songs – it was a sort of party piece. The construction, rhyming and words are marvellous . . . the tunes are pretty good too. I've modelled a lot of songs on his.

For me the idea comes first, the tune is secondary, only occasionally do I write a tune then the lyric. I'm not quite sure what satire means, mine are just comedy songs, reflecting a jaundiced view of life which I don't really have.

It never occurred to me to actually perform in public myself. One day Dick Katz – who used to be the pianist in the Ray Ellington quartet – said he'd turned agent. Now money is a word I'm very fond of so I said that if anyone wanted to hear me to give me a ring, and being a man of honour I'd pay him 10 per cent. When he did get an engagement I didn't want it – the thought was appalling. It was at the Royal Festival Hall he said.

Stark, staring mad

Who starts his career at the Royal Festival Hall? It was a private function, a hospital do. Dick, I can't do it, I'm trembling now, I said. Give it a go, he said. How much? I asked. 120 guineas, he said. They must be stark, staring mad, but for that I'd go out and do yoga.

They were wonderful, they gave me a great hand – a marvellous feeling. But looking back I was so bad. I had no idea of handling pauses, the whole thing was so mechanical. I still get as nervy as hell. It's a different act now, I can sit and take the applause with gentility, and I can even handle drunks. In fact, I wrote a song for those occasions called *You'll always find a drunk at every party* which makes the audience laugh at the drunk and usually settles him.

Now I do an LP a year, that's 14 to 20 songs on each, including short ones. I like little songs. I write probably 20 a year for myself and occasionally for other people. I did one for Tsai Chin.

Many people ask me to but I don't do it. They don't pay: "You must write a whole act for me dahling," they say. When I refuse they say: "But we've known each other for years." In the old days singers used to buy songs. Marie Lloyd would buy material for an exclusive period. Now they think they're doing you a favour.

Guns at the ready, Monica Vitti and Terence Stamp romp through the first screen adventure of "Modesty Blaise."

MODESTY BLAZES

It was inevitable that the fiery tigress of the strip cartoon, Modesty Blaise, should become a film character, writes DAVID CASTELL. What is surprising is that this "very modern fantasy thriller, sexy and witty and as contemporary as op and pop art" should be made with a strong element of satire to admit principles of anti-violence to a film with a story-line that is dedicated to mayhem and mass destruction.

MODESTY BLAZES *continued*

Before anyone knew what *The Avengers* was about (few would be so rash as to hazard a guess now), and while leather was still for shoes and handbags, Modesty Blaise sprang fully suited from the mind of Peter O'Donnell. Readers of the *Evening Standard* strip cartoon, now syndicated to 16 countries, quickly grew to recognise the black combat suit, leather arrow quiver and gun belt and crown-high chignon coiffure.

Now this elegant, death-dealing tigress faces her biggest adventure: bridging fiction's widest gap, between strip cartoon and cinema screen. Chronologically, the moment is right: it is the day of the high-camp folk hero (even more the heroine, as the last vestiges of masculinity and virility are sapped away in the post-Bond spy surfeit), and the commuter's fantasy need only be extended from the arrival of the 7.20 to the start of the last house at 7.30.

So one is reconciled to the inevitability of *Modesty Blaise* as a film, but not immediately to the chemistry of its casting. The appointment of Joseph Losey as director, Monica Vitti as the latter-day Mrs Pankhurst of the sex revolution, Terence Stamp as Willie Garvin, her faithful Cockney sidekick, and Dirk Bogarde as the arch-villain Gabriel, sheds new light on the operation. The Wisconsin-born director, now living in voluntary exile in this country, has lent his signature to a brace of avant-garde films (*The Damned, The Servant* and *King & Country* are the most recent), withheld it angrily from the butchered version of *Eve* which, last month, the National Film Theatre screened *in toto* for the first time in this country since its completion in 1963. But he has never been involved in a project as potentially predictable as this.

Early predictions, though, about *Modesty Blaise* were soon proved misguided as production got under way. But while Losey interpreted the film as "a very, very modern fantasy thriller, sexy and witty and as contemporary as op and pop art," he imposed a strong element of satire to allow the principles of anti-violence which mark his work (in *The Criminal* and, notably, *King & Country*) to percolate through a script pledged to cheerful mayhem and mass destruction.

Losey and producer Joseph Janni (a genial film-maker, Italian-Austrian by descent, who was responsible for the Schlesinger trilogy of *A Kind of Loving, Billy Liar!* and *Darling* . . .) are greatly excited by the idea of Monica Vitti as Modesty.

Antonioni made almost abstract use of her weary, mask-like features and she became the

continued overleaf

Below: Monica Vitti falls prisoner to Dirk Bogarde (far left) in his op-art decorated villa. Left: Vitti, Bogarde and Rossella Falk.

MODESTY BLAZES *continued*

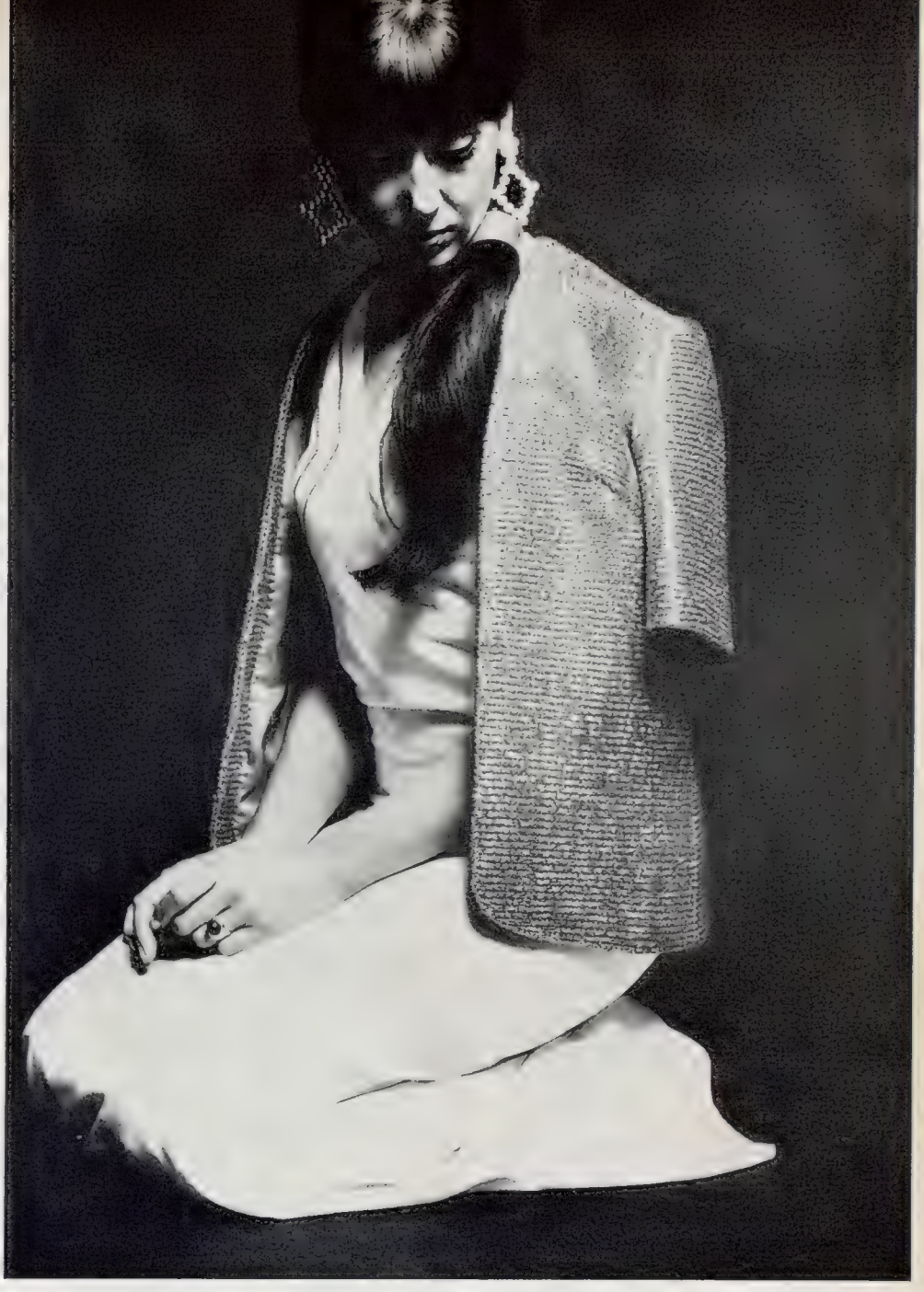
archetypal New Wave anti-heroine in *L'Aventurra, La Notte, The Eclipse* and *Red Desert* and she was one of the few stars of the Italian sex comedy *Four Kinds of Love* not to be prosecuted for "arousing lascivious feelings among cinema audiences."

Terence Stamp shares with Willie Garvin a Cockney background and determination, exemplified by the stern selectivity of screen roles that has resulted in only two film appearances (in *Term of Trial* and *The Collector*) since Peter Ustinov took him from provincial repertory to play *Billy Budd* five years ago. For Dirk Bogarde the character of Gabriel is an extension of his successful statement of ambivalence since ending his long-term contract with Rank which kept him predominantly a light comedy actor.

Losey's vision of Modesty's world as a fiercely contemporary place is furnished by op-art interior decor, costume designs that parcel *outré* elegance and practicality together, and an estimable amount of location photography in Holland and Sicily – including scenes on Vesuvius. And what better analogy for this bold translation than a daring chase around a dormant volcano?

"Modesty Blaise" has a Charity World Premiere in aid of the Newsvendors' Benevolent Institution (Old Ben) at the Odeon Leicester Square on 5 May.

Above: Dirk Bogarde in one of Gabriel's quieter moments. His beer is usually given the fillip of a live goldfish. Right: Monica Vitti in Modesty's multi-purpose breakfast gown.



Elegant, long, white crepe dress with gold-braided diamond bodice worn with knitted gold lurex cardigan jacket by Gill Hutchings. Huge diamond-shaped pearl earrings by Margaret Piercy at Palisades, 26 Ganton Street, W1 (REG 4106)

London Life Fashion Editor SHUNA HARWOOD selected five new kinds of evening wear which, by defying Glyndebourne's past fashions, are almost certain to set the pattern for its future . . .

THE GLYNDEBOURNE LOOK

Visions of sweeping lawns at Glyndebourne, warm summer evenings, sounds and romance, elegance, picnics; an atmosphere of enjoyment and mellowness. In reality, of course, it may rain (in which case no picnics and not so much romance). In reality, too, for most Glyndebourne-goers it means a train from Victoria, with a waiting coach the other end; but, whatever the associations, one thing reality *does* mean is evening wear. On 23 April, before the session begins on 29 May, a fashion show will be held in the Opera House for the first time. The clothes have all been designed and made by students at the Fashion School of the Royal College of Art, and the sets for the show are by Osbert Lancaster who will also do the compering. Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon will attend. The clothes – almost in opposition to the Glyndebourne image – are stark, simple, clean as a sword edge in white, silver and gold. Designed with young Glyndebourne-goers in mind, some of these dresses are brilliantly previewed on these pages by photographer PETER AKEHURST.

THE GLYNDEBOURNE LOOK *continued*

White crepe lumber-jacketed trouser suit (below) by John Maclachlan, red, white and blue pailleted yoke and silver-buckled belt. Full-length sleeveless white crepe dress with white crepe bloused jacket (below, right). The yoke is stitched with white beads. By Roberta Pearson. Diamond three-tiered pearl earrings by Margaret Piercy at Palisades.

Gold chevronned jacket with mandarin collar (right), belted in gold with matching gold bra. Silver lurex trousers with the look of tinfoil. By Valerie Brown. Gold hoop earrings from Fenwick, New Bond Street, W1 (MAY 9161).

THE GLYNDEBOURNE LOOK *continued*

Feminine white organdie trouser suit for summer evenings. Jacket is diagonally pleated, pink bow on hips. By Ronald Purkiss. Large hoop pearl earrings by Margaret Piercy at Palisades.

IF YOU'RE PLANNING TO GO

Glyndebourne Festival Opera runs from Sunday 29 May to Sunday 31 July. Programme: *Dido and Aeneas* (Purcell) and *L'Heure Espagnol* (Ravel); *Werther* (Massenet); *Jeptha* (Handel); *Die Zauberflöte* (Mozart). Train service: Weekdays: 3.45 pm, Sundays 2.25 pm, Victoria Station. Trains are met by coach at Lewes. Eating: Restaurants open for dinner and supper during long interval. Patrons should book as early as possible. Box Office: Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Lewes, Sussex (Ringmer 411). Only postal until 2 May; *or* Ibbs & Tillett Ticket Office, 122/124 Wigmore Street, W1 (WELbeck 1010): from 2 May. Prices – Balcony: 5 guineas; £4; £2 15s; 2 guineas. Stalls: 5 guineas; £4; Boxes: £24 (6 seats); £32 (8 seats); central box: 17 seats at £4 each.

ANYONE FOR TENNIS?

The cost of a game of tennis in London can vary as much as the class of play. The appeal of a fashionable club can put prices high for the serious player while the more casual player can get a game at 2s an hour on a Greater London Council grass court, 3s for a hard court. SHEILA FITZJONES gives membership details of London's leading clubs and cost of play and coaching facilities in the GLC Parks.

GLC PARKS

For nearest park with tennis courts, write to Chief Officer of Parks Dept, Cavell House, 2a Charing Cross Road, WC2, or telephone TEM 5464 (Ext 141). Evening courses of tennis instruction are being held in selected GLC parks for people over 15. The coaches, appointed by the Central Council for Physical Recreation, hold the LTA Advanced or Elementary Certificate. Courses are graded to provide instruction for beginners or for players with elementary knowledge and experience who wish to become proficient. Each course comprises six weekly lessons of one hour. Beginners' lessons usually start at 7 pm. More advanced players at 8 pm. Cost is 25s for those over 18 years of age, 15s for those under 18

To apply: Write to Chief Officer of the Parks Dept for enrolment form. Parks where coaching is available are: Parliament Hill (Highgate); Finsbury Park (Hornsey); Ravenscourt Park (Hammersmith); Wormwood Scrubs Park (Hammersmith); Waterlow Park (Highgate); Highbury Fields; Victoria Park (Hackney); Battersea Park; Tooting Common; Ladywell Fields (Lewisham); Clapham Common; Dulwich Park and Brockwell Park (Herne Hill)

PRIVATE TENNIS CLUBS

For full list of addresses write to Lawn Tennis Association, Baron's Court, W14 (FUL 2366). Details of some of the leading clubs around Central London are as follows:

QUEEN'S CLUB, Baron's Court, W14 (FUL 3421)

To become a member: Must be proposed and seconded by two senior members of the club. No playing-in test but standard high and poor players would find it extremely difficult to get a game

Fees: Gentlemen over 25: Entrance fee 15 guineas. Subscription 22 guineas pa. Ladies over 25: Entrance fee 15 guineas. Subscription 18 guineas. Under 25, both sexes: 15 guineas pa. Under 21, both sexes: 8 guineas pa

Number of Courts: 5 covered courts. 13 hard courts. 15 or 16 grass courts. Charge members court fees: Outside courts cost 2s or 1s 6d (depending on whether playing singles or doubles). Covered courts cost 3s and 2s 6d in mornings. 3s 6d and 3s in the afternoons and 4s 6d and 3s 6d at weekends

Coaching: 1 guinea an hour for private lessons.

Guests: Each guest only allowed to play at club three times a year. Costs 10s for indoor court, 7s 6d outside

Other Facilities: Bar. Lunches and teas. 2 squash courts

HOLLAND PARK LTC, 1 Addison Rd, W14 (603.3928).

To become a member: Apply to secretary. Have to pass playing-in test. Standard fairly high – rather full, so best to apply as early in season as possible

Fees: 12 guineas pa. 2 guineas to enter. Juniors under 18: 6 guineas

Number of Courts: 4 hard courts and 2 grass courts

Coaching: None

Guests: Can play with members. Charges are 5s at weekend, 2s 6d in week

Other Facilities: Club house with bar. Bridge at weekends

CUMBERLAND CLUB, 25 Alvanley Gardens, NW6 (HAM 6022)

Fees: 9 guineas for summer, entrance fee 5 guineas. (1 May – 30 Sept.) 15 guineas for full year, entrance fee 5 guineas

To become a member: Must be proposed and seconded by members and then playing-in test. Membership pretty full and standard extremely high – "near Wimbledon standard"

Number of Courts: 5 hard and 7 grass courts

Coaching: 15s for 45 minutes

Guests: Members can have same guest up to three times in year during week At weekends must obtain permission from secretary

Other facilities: Squash courts (separate membership: 4 guineas; entrance fee of 3 guineas). Club house with licensed bar, showers, etc

PADDINGTON CLUB, Castellain Road, W9 (CUN 1234)

To become a member: Must be proposed and seconded by member. Standard is good. Playing-in test

Fees: 10 guineas pa. Entrance fee of £2. Under 18: £4

Number of courts: 9 hard courts, 1 floodlit court which costs 10s an hour (open to non-members too)

Coaching: 1 guinea an hour

Guests: Not at weekends. Only allowed to play at club three times in one year and charge 2s 6d for game

Other facilities: Squash courts and bowling – separate membership fees for both. Licensed bar in the club house

DELHAM AND WAVERLEY CLUB, Waverley Place, St John's Wood, NW8 (CUN 2775)

To become a member: Apply to secretary. Playing-in test. Standard of club is average

Fees: 7½ guineas in summer (1 May-30 Sept.) 5 guineas in winter

Number of courts: 2 hard courts, 5 grass

Coaching: Group coaching (5s per individual), or 10s for private lesson

Arrangements: Club nights on Tuesdays and Thursdays, also weekends in afternoon when games arranged by club. Other times fix up own games

Facilities: Club provides balls. Usual club facilities

CAMPDEN HILL TENNIS CLUB, 9 Aubrey Walk, W8 (PAR 4050)

To become a member: Apply to secretary. Playing-in test. Standard average – but as membership grows, gets increasingly difficult to get in

Fees: Full membership is 10 guineas a year; 5-day membership 7½ guineas. Entrance fee 3 guineas if over 25 years of age, 1 guinea if between 18 and 25. No entrance fee for juniors. Junior membership: 4 guineas

Number of courts: 6 *en-tout-cas* (next best thing to grass), 6 all-weather courts

Coaching: Approx. 1 guinea an hour for private lessons

Other facilities: Club house with bar. Table tennis

PARSONS GREEN CLUB, Broomhouse Lane, Fulham, SW6 (REN 1401)

To become a member: Apply to secretary. No playing-in test. Standard is average

Fees: Men: 5 guineas pa plus essential house subscription of £2 10s pa. Ladies: £5 10s pa. Juniors (18-21 years): £4 10s. Under 18: £2 10s. Winter membership only is £1

Number of courts: 5 hard courts and 2 grass courts

Coaching: No official coaching

Guests: 5s charge for guests playing

Other facilities: Club room with licensed bar, showers, etc. Afternoon teas

ROEHAMPTON CLUB, Roehampton Lane, SW15 (PRO 1621)

To become a member: Must be proposed and seconded by members. No playing-in test

Fees: 10 guineas entrance fee. 20 guineas pa for those over 28. 5 guineas entrance fee and 15 guineas pa for those between 17-28 years

Number of courts: 12 hard courts and 13 grass courts

Coaching: 10s 6d for half-hour for members. 15s for visitors

Guests: 5s in summer and 10s at weekends. 2s 6d in winter and 5s at weekends. (October-May)

Other facilities: Squash, croquet, open-air swimming pool, club house with bar, refreshments, etc

HURLINGHAM CLUB, Fulham, SW6 (REN 2662)

To become a member: Must be proposed and seconded by a member. Standard of tennis is good

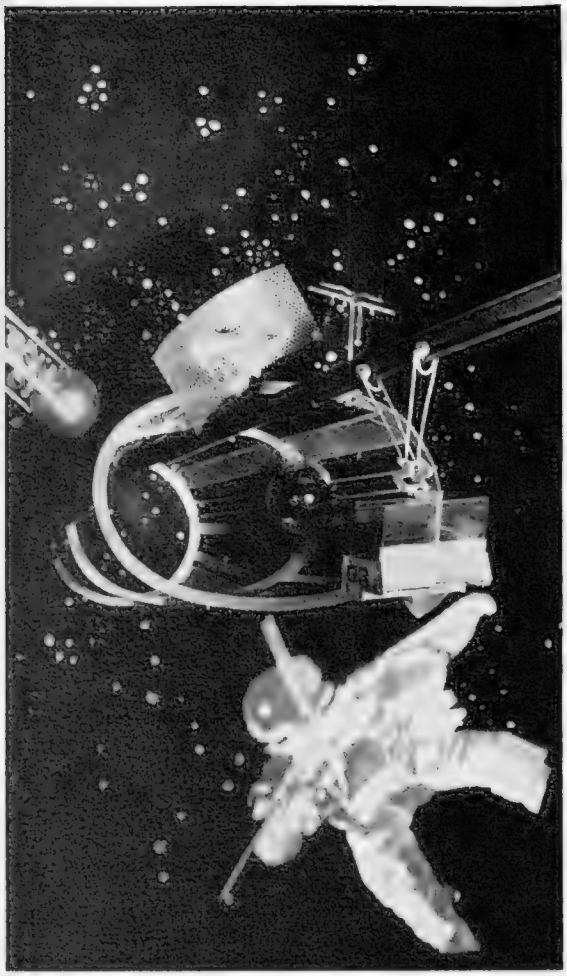
Fees: Over 28 years of age: Entrance fee is £40. Subscription £30 pa. From 18-28 years of age: Entrance fee £15, and subscription of £20 pa. From 12-18: £4 pa

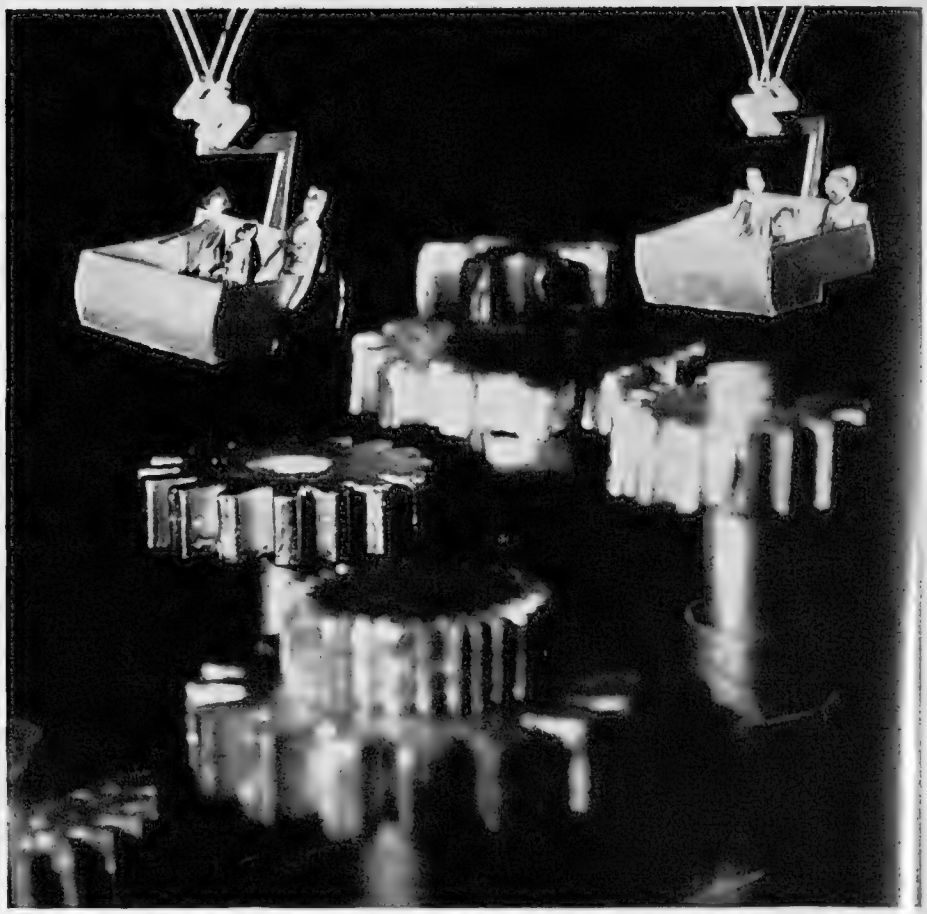
Number of courts: 20 hard courts and 20 grass courts

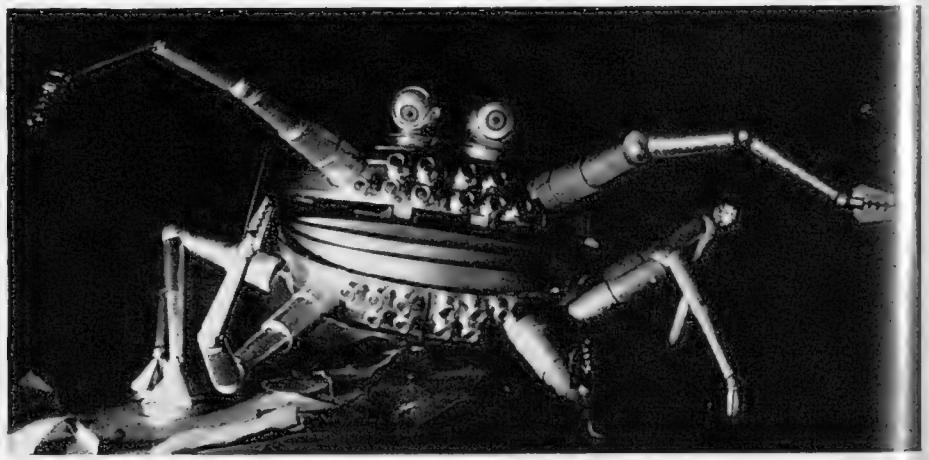
Other facilities: Squash courts; cricket; 9-hole golf course in winter and 18 holes in summer; croquet lawn; bowling green; open-air swimming pool; playground for children with paddling pool, swings, etc. High-society social life – dances, etc

TO HELL AND BACK FOR 10s.

Introducing Sean Kenny's latest spectacular – an £800,000 fairground ride that takes you up into space and down into an erupting volcano.







Models give an impression of excitement to come: the space-ship of the future (left); the passengers' gondalas (top); and the Crazy Monster

TRUST Sean Kenny, London stage designer and architect, to innovate even in that most monotonous of fields, the amusement park. The Canadian Government has enabled him to do just that, and the result, for the 1967 World Exhibition to be held in Montreal from April to October, is the most spectacular ride since the first Big Dipper.

Kenny's £800,000 "Gyrotron" will grace the grounds of La Ronde, the amusement park of Expo '67. Hailed as an entirely new concept in amusement-park rides design, it will "introduce man to a series of adventures and experiences with action, humour, fear and laughter," says Kenny. The dominant feature of the Gyrotron will be a 226 ft. pyramid, which, along with other structures included in the design, will be surrounded by metallic webs, making them look as though they are about to rise like a spaceship. With 175 cabins each seating four people and travelling 300 ft. per minute, the ride will be able to accommodate 4,000 passengers each hour. Estimated price per person: about 10s.

In the 10 minutes that the ride takes, the cabin will begin a space voyage inside the pyramid, spiralling past stars and meteorites, astronauts and space vehicles (not only the existing types of space-ship, but also those which Kenny thinks will be used in the future), surrounded by the "sounds" of space. It will then shoot out high above the exhibition grounds, drop down 100 ft. into the crater of a roaring, blazing volcano, and skim a molten lava base. Next it will move into a tunnel filled with a series of special effects designed to reflect the theme of the exhibition, "Man and his World," swing out over a lake, descend through a whirlpool into an underwater tunnel, dodge the open mouth and menacing tentacles of a Crazy Monster, and emerge at the starting point.

"People taking the ride," says Kenny, understating it a bit, "will experience some extraordinary sensations and thrills." Although Kenny has said that he wants "to be childlike or elementary in my ideas; there is no pseudo-intellectualism in my work," the design for the Gyrotron, produced in collaboration with his team of six designers, is not without symbolism. The ride, says Kenny, will take passengers "out of the future into hell," the burning volcano. The space theme is immensely important. "How many people, in their lifetimes, will ever have the chance to travel in space?" asks Kenny. "We want to make it so that they *will* ride in space – on the Gyrotron."

THE WEEK AHEAD

DISCS

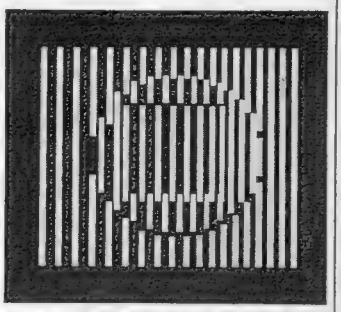
A new release, scheduled for 22 April, comes from Diane Ferrax and Nicky Scott (*both pictured above*). Called *You've Gotta Learn* (Columbia), it is taken from the original, *Il Faut Savoir*, by that fabulous French singer, Charles Aznarour. The Pretty Things are releasing a new single called *Come See Me*, which exudes plenty of up-beat rhythm. On the "B"-side is *£ S D*, which was recently mistaken by one of the newspapers for the drug LSD! A pleasantly relaxing new disc by Cardiff's young "pop" singer, Lorne Lesley, is called *Somebody's Gonna Be Sorry*. Both this and *Come See Me* are on Fontana and due for release on 22 April. Decca, too, are bringing out two film-track LPs on the same date, Elvis Presley's *Frankie and Johnny* and the theme music from *The Silencers*. The single of *Frankie and Johnny* is already making the charts and the film opens on 1 May in London. *The Silencers* is the type of LP that requires the listener to have seen the film before buying it. The music is composed and conducted by Elmer Bernstein; Vicki Carr sings two of the tracks, *San Diego* and *The Silencers*. James Brown has a new single out on the same date on Pye called *Ain't That a Groove*, which covers both sides of this disc in his usual terrific rhythm and blues idiom. Also on the way are *I Could Make You Fall In Love* by the Rocking Berries, and *Goodbye My Love* by Keely Smith

THEATRE

The National Theatre plays safe with its first Sean O'Cassy and chooses his most celebrated play *Juno & The Paycock*. The question of accents will probably test the nationality of the National. At the Cambridge Theatre, William Douglas-Home bursts into playwriting again with *A Friend Indeed*, in which David Tomlinson plays Sir John Belt, British Minister to the Vatican – a harmless and entertaining evening of diplomatic jokes is forecast. At the Aldwych the Polish Popular Theatre arrives with *The Wedding*, a modern classic, and Bill MacIlwraith's comedy *The Anniversary* brings Sheila Hancock and an interesting supporting cast back to the West End. Theatre programmes on page 44

MUSIC

On 26 April all roads lead to the Royal Festival Hall – at least, music-wise they do – for that date marks the 50th birthday of one of the greatest musicians of all time: Yehudi Menuhin. And to commemorate this event, which marks over 40 years of outstanding success and adulation, the remarkable Menuhin family will be presenting a Birthday Concert at the equally famed Festival Hall (see page 19). More about London music and ballet, page 51



GALLERIES

It is strange how nowadays we like both our new and our old paintings to have a bright, new clean look, but we prefer our antiquities to show their age a bit – not close up, perhaps, but at least having a comforting patina. The odd sensation of handling in too good a condition to feel true is commented upon in our art pages, along with elected suggestions as to what in the London art scene is optically titillating, such as the Vasarely *(above)* to be found at the Brook Street Gallery. More about art on page 52

FILMS

David Lean's long-awaited production of Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* has its European première at the Empire Leicester Square on 26 April. New York received the film with mixed feelings, but the canvas chosen is the full epic treatment of wide screen and colour with extensive locations in Finland and Spain and the largest single set ever built to represent turn-of-the-century Russia. Omar Sharif heads a distinguished cast as Yuri Zhivago and Julie Christie is cast as Lara

BOOKS

On 21 April Muller publish a biography of the famous singer, Yvette Guilbert, *Yvette*, by Bettina Knapp and Myra Chipman. *Right* is a charcoal sketch of her made by Toulouse-Lautrec, who knew her in her Moulin Rouge days, and who, by 1894, followed her from show to show, drawing her. She found his drawing intolerably unflattering, and told him he was "the genius of deformity." *Left* is Tim Jacques's design for the cover of Andrew Sinclair's study of the emancipation of American women, *The Better Half* (Jonathan Cape). On page 50 there is a selective list of books to be published this week, and Sir Mortimer Wheeler talks about the book he has written in conjunction with photographer Roger Wood

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THEATRE

FIRST FIVE: 1 Incident at Vichy. 2 Hello Dolly! 3 Man & Superman. 4 Arsenic & Old Lace. 5 How's the World . . . Treating You?

The World Theatre Season has reached its half-way mark at the Aldwych. On at the moment is the National Theatre of Greece, presenting Euripides' *Hecuba* and Sophocles' two *Oedipus* plays. Witnessing these performances we are in touch with the roots of Western drama where strong, blunt, basic emotions are projected, undiluted by any sort of trivia: no one, in fact, has to think about anything but the emotion of the moment. Unlike the Greek Art Theatre, that has been seen in previous World Theatre Seasons, this company tackles their material straight. Long speeches, incantatory choruses, climactic passages of stychomythia succeed each other with nothing to divert the eye or the ear from the gory business in hand.

In *Hecuba* the Trojan Queen, after the fall of Troy, loses her two remaining children – Polyxena is sacrificed to the wind, Polydorous is murdered by Polymnestor. In revenge Hecuba murders the two young children of Polymnestor and blinds that king.

"Charlie Girl," which has already broken box office records at the Adelphi Theatre, is now being booked well into 1967.

Unfortunately the epics emerge as rather tame stuff; unfamiliarity with the language has little to do with this; it is, rather, the unheiratic approach. As Hecuba, Katina Paxinou – a great enough actress, heaven knows – reminds me of a rather cross landlady I had way back in Nottingham. She dominates the stage and at times the mind. But expected splendours remained unrevealed.

The company relies heavily on voice production and it is marvellous to hear those fabulously well projected, matured voices ringing round the auditorium produced firmly from the chest. The choric movements are simple, but eloquent.

Alexis Minotis appears in all three plays and directs them, too, using measured pacing and simple gestures. The only really disturbing aspect of the productions is the background music, rather dimly taped and sounding like a large orchestra. That used in *Hecuba* (attributed to Miss Paxinou herself, incidentally) is like that indefinable stuff that accompanies film news reels. And on the subject of music, why do everybody *else's* national anthems sound like a groovy bit of Early Verdi, and ours like an early exercise in a manual of pianoforte?

j roger baker

WEST END

openings

M 25 Apr: **COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD** and **SHADOWS OF THE EVENING.** Queens, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir: Vivienne Matalon. Cast: Noël Coward, Lilli Palmer, Irene Worth. 8.0

M 25 Apr: **THE WEDDING.** Aldwych Theatre, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 6404). Author: Stanislaw Wyspianski. Dir: Adam Hanuszkiewicz. Cast: Polish Popular Theatre. 7.0

T 26 Apr: **JUNO & THE PAYCOCK.** National Theatre, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7616). Author: Sean O'Casey. Dir: Laurence Olivier. Cast: Colin Blakely, Frank Finlay, Caroline John, Ronald Pickup, Joyce Redman, Madge Ryan. 7.0

W 27 Apr: **A FRIEND INDEED.** Cambridge Theatre, Earlham Street, WC2 (TEM 6056). Author: William Douglas-Home. Dir: Jack Minster. Cast: David Tomlinson, David Hutcheson, Jane Baxter, Elizabeth Sellars. 7.30, cont: 8.0. Th: 2.45, 8.0. Sat: 6.0, 8.30

CURRENT

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Authors: Felicity Douglas, Henry Cecil. Dir: Hugh Goldie. Stars: Andrew Cruickshank, Colin Gordon. Amanda Grinling. High Court judge gets involved with the pretty wife of a man he has sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 4 Aug 1965

THE ANNIVERSARY. Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). Author: Bill MacIlwraith. Dir: Patrick Dromgoole. Cast: Michael Crawford, Sheila Hancock, Jack Hedley, June Ritchie, Mona Washbourne, James Cossins. 8.0. Sat: 5.30, 8.30. W: 3.0. Opened 20 Apr 1966

ARSENIC & OLD LACE, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Author: Joseph Kesselring. Dir: Murray Macdonald. Revival of a classic black comedy. Cast: Sybil Thorndike, Athene Seyler, Richard Briers, Desmond Walter-Ellis, Julia Lockwood, Lewis Casson. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.45 (ends 5.5). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 23 Feb 1966

BABES IN THE WOOD, London Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). Music and lyrics: The Shadows. Dir: Albert J Knight. Cast: Frank Ifield, Sid James, Roy Kinnear, Kenneth Connor, Arthur Askey. Ifield makes a yodelling Robin Hood in spectacular Sherwood. 2.45 (ends 5.45), 7.30 (ends 10.30). Opened 21 Dec 1965. Ends 30 Apr

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK, Piccadilly, opp Regent Palace Hotel, W1 (GER 4506). Author: Neil Simon. Dir: Richard Benjamin. Cast: Daniel Massey, Marlo Thomas, Kurt Kasznav, Joan Sterndale Bennet. Young-married troubles Broadway style comedy. M-F: 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 24 Nov 1965

BEYOND THE FRINGE 1965, May Fair, May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street, W1 (MAY 3036). Authors: Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, Dudley Moore. Dir: David Phethean. Stars: John Dryden, Bill Hepper, Barry Stanton, Peter Baldwin. The material has almost an historical interest now. 8.40 (ends 10.50), Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 15 Apr 1964

Jeannie Carson dances "The Vesta Girls" in "Strike a Light." Discussions for a London opening continue.

BLACK & WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, SW1 (VIC 1317). Dir: George Inns. Stars: George Mitchell Minstrels with Don Arroll, Neville King, Dai Frances, John Boulter, Tony Mercer. Songs and dances cease only for interludes of comedy. 6.15 (ends 8.20); 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 25 May 1962

BOEING-BOEING, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Author: Marc Camoletti (translated by Beverley Cross). Dir: Jack Minster. Stars: Nicholas Parsons, Simon Merrick. Three girls, two boys, seven doors . . . permutations endless. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). M 11 April and Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Book by Hugh and Margaret Williams. Music and lyrics by David Heneker and John Taylor. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Cast: Anna Neagle, Joe Brown, Hy Hazell. The stately homes racket receives gentle satire with romantic interest, songs and dancing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

CHASE ME COMRADE, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, SW1 (WHI 6692). Author: Ray Cooney. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Stars: Brian Rix, Basil Lord, Leo Franklyn. Russian ballet dancer and diplomatic service involved in a speedy farce. 7.30 (ends 9.45). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.30); 8.15 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 15 July 1964, Ends 21 May

FUNNY GIRL, Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). Lyrics: Bob Merrill. Music: Jule Styne. From the book by Isobel Lennart. Dir: Lawrence Kasha. Cast: Barbra Streisand, Michael Craig. 8.0 (ends 10.20). Sat 3.0 (ends 5.20). Opened 13 Apr 1966

HELLO DOLLY! Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8108). Adapted by Michael Stuart from Thornton Wilder's play The Matchmaker. Music: Jerry Herman. Dir and choreographer: Gower Champion. A grand illusion with Mary Martin as chief spellbinder but nevertheless the most efficient musical seen in a dozen years. Cast: Mary Martin, Loring Smith. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W & Sat. 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 2 Dec 1965

HOW'S THE WORLD . . . TREATING YOU? Wyndham's Theatre. Charing Cross Road (TEM 3028). Author: Roger Milner. Dir: Philip Grout. Most "in" comedy of the season. Cast: Patricia Routledge. Peter Bayliss, Michael Graham Cox. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15). 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 Jan 1966

AN IDEAL HUSBAND, Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. *Fin de siècle* morality among the Wildest epigrams. Cast: Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd, Michael Dennison, Dulcie Gray, Ursula Jeans. Roger Livesey, Perlita Neilson. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30)

INCIDENT AT VICHY, Phoenix Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 8611). Author: Arthur Miller. Dir: Peter Wood. Nazi persecution of the Jews in individual terms. Cast: Alec Guinness, Anthony Quayle. 8.15 (ends 9.50). W: 3.0 (ends 4.35). Sat: 5.15 (ends 6.50). Opened 26 Jan 1966

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, St Martins, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1443). Author: Frank Marcus. Dir: Val May. Stars: Beryl Reid, Lally Bowers, Eileen Atkins. Lesbian radio actress loses her part and her lover. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55); 8.30 (ends 11.0). W: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

MAN & SUPERMAN, Garrick Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4601). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Philip Wiseman. Battle of the Sexes. Cast: Alan Badel, Sian Phillips, Zena Walker, John Robinson, Marie Löhr, Clive Swift. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Th & Sat: 3.0 (end 5.45). Opened 23 Nov 1965

THE MATCHGIRLS, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Author: Bill Owen. Dir: Gillian Lynne. Music by: Tony Russell. The first women's strike. Cast: Vivienne Martin, Marion Grimaldi, Gerald Hely. 8.0 ends (10.15). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 1 Mar 1966

THE MISER & THE IMAGINARY INVALID, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Author: Molière. Dir: Julius Gellner: Cast: The Miser, Duncan Macraw. The Imaginary Invalid, Bernard Miles. 6.0 (ends 8.20); 8.40 (ends 11.0) (not Mon). Opened 20 Apr 1966. Ends 21 May

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassadors, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1171). Author: Agatha Christie. After 14 years still a mystery. Dir: D Ramsden. Cast: John Cobner, Diana Scougall. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.0 (ends 10.30). Opened 25 Nov 1952

OLIVER! New Theatre, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Composer: Lionel Bart. Dir: Peter Coe. Stars: Aubrey Woods, Nicolette Roeg, Peter Bartlett. Dickens's London brought to musical life. 7.45 (ends 10.15). T & Sat: 4.30 (ends 6.50). Opened 30 June 1960

ON THE LEVEL, Saville, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (TEM 4011). Author: Ronald Millar. Music by Ron Grainer. Dir: Wendy Toye. Cast: Barrie Ingham, Angela Richards, Garry Bond. 7.45. Wed and Sat mat: 2.45. Opened T 19 Apr

ON THE WAGON, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Dir: Julius Gellner. Cast: Bernard Miles. Mon only: 9.0 (ends 11.0). Ends 10 May. Opened 6 Jan 1966

THE OWL & THE PUSSY CAT, Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (WHI 3216). Author: Bill Manhoff. Dir: Shirley Butler. Pretty girl versus intellectual man. Cast: Diana Sands, Anton Rodgers. 8.15 (ends 11.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Th 3.0 (ends 5.15). Opened 2 Mar 1966

ROBERT & ELIZABETH, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Composer: Ron Grainer. Book: Ronald Millar. Dir: Wendy Toye. Stars: Donald Wolfit, Jane Fyffe, Kevin Colson. The Barretts of Wimpole Street get the songs and dance treatment. 7.30 (ends 10.25). M 11 Apr, Th & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

SAY WHO YOU ARE, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Authors: Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall. Dir: Shirley Butler. Stars: Ian Carmichael, Patrick Cargill, Dilys Laye, Jan Holden. Sophisticated farce. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.35). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.20); 8.45 (ends 11.5). Opened 14 Oct, 1965

SONG AT TWILIGHT, Queens, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir: Vivienne Matalon. Cast: Noël Coward, Lilli Palmer, Irene Worth. Th: 2.30, 8.0. Fri: 8.0. Sat: 2.30, 8.0. Opened 14 Apr 1966

SON OF OBLOMOV, Comedy, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 2578). Author: Goncharov (ad Riccardo Aragno). Dir: Frank Dunlop. Stars: Spike Milligan, Bill Kerr, Valentine Dyall. Much ado about Milligan – and there's a play buried somewhere too. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W: 8.45 (ends 11.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 6 Oct 1964. Ends 30 Apr

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). Composers: Rodgers and Hammerstein. Book: Lindsay and Crouse. Dir: Jerome Whyte. Stars: Sonia Rees, Eunice Gayson, Donald Scott. Nazi invasion in the background; sweetness to the fore. 7.30 (ends 10.25). W and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 18 May 1961

SPRING & PORT WINE, Apollo Shaftesbury Avenue (GER 2663). Author: Bill Naughton. Dir: Allan Davis. Cast: Alfred Marks, Ruth Dunning. A heavy Lancastrian father has a rebellious family on his hands. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

YOU NEVER CAN TELL, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Author: G B Shaw. The new woman and old-fashioned values. Dir: Glen Byam Shaw. Cast: Sir Ralph Richardson, Jack Gwillim, Judy Campbell, Keith Baxter, Moray Watson, Cyril Luckham. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.45); 8.15 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 12 Jan 1966

REPERTORY

ALDWYCH THEATRE, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 6404). Th 21 and Sat 23 Apr: OEDIPUS AT COLONUS by Sophocles. Dir: Alexis Minotis. Cast: Greek National Theatre. 7.30
F 22 Apr: HECUBA by Euripides. Dir: Alexis Minotis. Cast: Greek National Theater. 7.30
Sat 23 Apr: OEDIPUS REX by Sophocles. Dir: Alexis Minotis. Cast: Greek National Theatre. 2.30
M 25 Apr: See West End Openings
T 26, W 27 Apr: THE WEDDING by Stanislaw Wyspianski. Dir: Adam Hanuszkiewicz. Cast: Polish Popular Theatre. 7.30. Wed Mat: 2.30

ENGLISH STAGE COMPANY, Royal Court, Sloane Square (SLO 1745). Th 21 and W 27 Apr: THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE by Harley Granville Barker. Dir: Jane Howell. Cast: Sebastian Shaw, Gwen Nelson, Brian Smith, Avril Elgar, Jeffrey Wickham. 7.30
F 22-T 26 Apr: SERJEANT MUSGRAVE'S DANCE by John Arden. Dir: Jane Howell. Cast: Iain Cuthbertson, Frances Cuka, Sebastian Shaw, Ronald Pickup, John Castle, Victor Henry, Richard Butler, Roger Booth, Joe Greig. 7.30. Sat: 3.0 (ends 10.30)

NATIONAL THEATRE, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7616). Th 21 Apr: MISS JULIE and BLACK COMEDY. *Miss Julie* by August Strindberg translated from the Swedish by Michael Meyer. Dir: Michael Elliott. Cast: Albert Finney, Maggie Smith, Jeanne Watts. *Black Comedy* by Peter Shaffer. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Michael Byrne, Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Albert Finney, Doris Hare, Derek Jacobi, Louise Purnell, Maggie Smith. 2.15 (ends 5.0), 7.30 (ends 10.15)
F 22 Apr: A FLEA IN HER EAR by Georges Feydeau. Dir: Jaques Charon. Cast: Albert Finney, Anne Godley, Edward Hardwicke, Robert Lang, Kenneth Mackintosh, Geraldine McEwan, John Stride, Michael Turner, Frank Wylie. 7.30 (ends 10.0)
Sat 23 Apr: OTHELLO by Shakespeare. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Frank Finlay, Robert Lang, Kenneth Mackintosh, Anthony Nicholls, Laurence Olivier, Joyce Redman, Sheila Reid, Maggie Smith, John Stride. 2.15 (ends 5.25)
Sat 23 Apr: TRELAWNY OF THE "WELLS" by Arthur W Pinero. Dir: Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Wynne Clark, Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Doris Hare, Derek Jacobi, Gerald James, Edward Petherbridge, Louise Purnell, Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens. 7.30 (ends 10.15)
T 26 Apr: See West End Openings
Wed 27 Apr: JUNO & THE PAYCOCK by Sean O'Casey. Dir: Laurence Olivier. Cast: Colin Blakeley, Frank Finlay, Caroline John, Ronald Pickup, Joyce Redman, Madge Ryan. 7.30

CLUBS

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE CLUB, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). EVENTS WHILE GUARDING THE BOFORS GUN. 8.0. Sat: 5.0, 8.15

LITTLE ANGEL, 14 Dagmar Passage, Cross Street, N1 (CAN 1787). THE FISHERMAN & HIS SOUL. Th 21, F 22 and Sun 24 Apr: 3.0. Sat: 23 Apr: 3.0, 5.0. Matinee for very young children Sat 23 Apr: 11.0 (ends midday). Adults 5s 6d, children 4s

LITTLE THEATRE, Garrick Yard, St Martins Lane, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 0660). SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER. Th 21, F 22, Sat 23 Apr: 8.0. Sun 24 Apr: 7.30. THE LONG, THE SHORT AND THE TALL. T 26 Apr: 7.30. W 27 Apr: 8.0

PERIMETER

GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME, NW11 (SPE 0022). Th 21-Sat 23 Apr: MURDER FOR THE ASKING. 8.0. Th 21 and Sat 23 Apr: 2.30, 8.0
M 25-W 27 Apr: THE CRIME OF MISS JULIE BRODY with Vanessa Redgrave. 8.0

NEW THEATRE, Bromley (RAV 6677). PORTRAIT OF A QUEEN. 7.45. Th 21 Apr: 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 5.0, 8.0. M 25-W 27 Apr: SOOTY. 4.30

PALACE THEATRE, Clarendon Road, Watford, Herts (WA2 25671). Th 21-Sat 23 Apr: SEMI-DETACHED. 7.45. Sat: 4.45, 7.45. T 26-W 27 Apr: A VICTORIAN EVENING. 7.45

RICHMOND THEATRE, The Green, Richmond, Surrey (RIC 0088). Th 21-Sat 23 Apr: THE TENDER TRAP. 7.45. Sat: 5.30, 8.15. M 25-W 27 Apr: MACBETH. 7.45. Wed: 2.30

WIMBLEDON THEATRE, SW19 (WIM 5211). M 25-W 27 Apr: A GIRL IN MY SOUP with Barbara Ferris, Donald Sinden, Jon Pertwee. 7.30

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Guildford, Surrey (Guildford 60191). THE SACRED FLAME with Gladys Cooper, Naunton Wayne, Wendy Hiller, Mary Peach. 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.0

MARTIN LANDAU
in association with
BRIAN EPSTEIN
presents

ON THE LEVEL
A NEW MUSICAL

Book & Lyrics by
RONALD MILLAR
Music by
RON GRAINER
The Team that Created
"ROBERT & ELIZABETH"

Vital!
ON THE LEVEL
A NEW MUSICAL

Produced by
WENDY TOYE
Designed by
MALCOLM PRIDE
Musical numbers staged by
Wendy Toye & Malcolm Clare
Projection devised by
Robert Ormbo
Lighting by
John Wyckham
Musical Director
Ed Coleman

Sparkling!
ON THE LEVEL
A NEW MUSICAL

with
BARRIE INGHAM
ANGELA RICHARDS
GARY BOND

at the
SAVILLE
THEATRE TEM 4011

FIRST FIVE: 1 Viva Maria! 2 Alphaville. 3 Jules et Jim. 4 Alfie. 5 Morgan, A Suitable Case for Treatment.

The mild mental confusion of Morgan Delt, hero of Karel Reisz's most ambitious film to date – *Morgan, A Suitable Case for Treatment* (a) which is at the Carlton Haymarket now – is almost impossible to analyse. The film grasshoppers from mood to mood, attitude to attitude, now subjective, now objective: it is a breathless ride on a ferris wheel with the view never clearly in focus for more than 10 consecutive minutes.

Morgan (a fine performance from David Warner in what is only his second film part) is an artist of latent ability, baffled and bruised by the vagaries of everyday life and the two strata of society he straddles. His debutante wife Leonie (Vanessa Redgrave) is drawn to the irresponsibility in his character but soon tires of his undisciplined domestic life which manifests itself in his shaving of hammers and sickles into the drawing room rug. She divorces him on the grounds of mental cruelty.

The nameless fears that drive Morgan to these excesses are accentuated by the very real threat of losing Leonie. He makes a sentimental pilgrimage back to the transport cafe run by his widowed, working - class mother (Irene Handl), pays homage at the tomb of Karl Marx in Highgate Cemetery and conceives a plan to beseige his ex-wife, blow up his mother-in-law and carry Leonie off to an idyllic existence in the country. But Leonie, already preparing to re-marry, objects strongly to the kidnapping and Morgan is committed to an asylum.

Morgan is an extremely funny film and there are shafts of understanding and sympathy that temporarily illuminate the enigma of its hero. The political bias, the family ties, the strange affinity he feels with the gorilla species: these are the character ingredients that puzzle and ultimately defeat the film's intentions. Mr Reisz is obviously in sterner and more certain command of his material than before, and his use of documentary zoo footage and clips from earlier movies (a Weismuller Tarsan and *King Kong* among them) clarify Morgan's immediate obsessions, but not the root of the fetish.

david castell

Joan Fontaine joins the big league of Hollywood actresses tempted into the horror stakes. This week she starts filming "The Devil's Own" for Hammer at Bray.

PIERROT LE FOU

Anna Karina stars with Jean-Paul Belmondo in Jean-Luc Godard's "Pierrot le Fou," now at the Cameo-Poly, Upper Regent Street. The film, shown with great success at last year's London Film Festival, is Godard's first in colour – based on the Lionel White thriller "Obsession." On to this original Godard has grafted his own philosophies and idiosyncrasies in a film that contrasts love and betrayal, elation and despair, tenderness and violence.

OPENING

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (A). The extremely ambitious, long-awaited production of Boris Pasternak's novel, directed by David Lean, with screenplay by Robert Bolt. With Omar Sharif as Yuri Zhivago and Julie Christie as Lara. Good entertainment. (Geraldine Chaplin, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness. Col. 193 min.) *Empire Leicester Square.* GER 1234. Royal première 26 Apr

WEST END

ALFIE (X). Taken from the play by Bill Naughton, and directed by Lewis Gilbert; Michael Caine plays the incredible Alfie, devoutly dedicated to a love-life that is both intensive and uncommitted, and often funny. His birds flit in and out at lightning speed – Eleanor Bron as his doctor, Shirley Anne Field as his nurse, and an overpowering rich widow (Shelley Winters), who is almost a match for him. (Millicent Martin, Julia Foster, Jane Asher, Vivienne Merchant. Col. 114 min.) *Plaza, Piccadilly Circus.* WHI 8944. 1.0, 3.20, 5.50, 8.20 (Sat only: 11.30 pm). Sun: 3.0, 5.30, 8.0

ALPHAVILLE (A). Jean-Luc Godard's transformation of images from a comic strip into a stylistic masterpiece with dazzling photography by Coutard. Lemmy Caution (Eddie Constantine), disguised a reporter for *Figaro-Pravda,* is sent on a mission to Alphaville – city of machines and technocrats. A funny yet profound and moving comment on our society as it could well become. (Anna Karina, Akim Tamiroff. Col. 98 min.) With Chris Marker's short *La Jetée. Academy One,* Oxford Street. GER 2981. 1.50, 4.5, 6.20, 8.45. Sun: 3.35, 5.50, 8.15

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. An account of the Battle of the Ardennes with Henry Fonda and Robert Ryan for the American heroes and Robert Shaw as a suitably poker-faced German villain. But the real heroes are the giant tanks, ploughing their way through the countryside. Magnificent. (Dana Andrews. Dir: Ken Annakin. Col. 163 min.) *Casino Old Compton St,* W1. GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 1.55. Sun: 4.30, 7.50

BING CROSBY IN CINERAMA'S RUSSIAN ADVENTURE (U). Bing Crosby plays host on a trip round Russia with musical interludes. (Col. Cinerama.) *Coliseum St Martin's Lane.* TEM 3161. 2.0, 5.15, 8.30 (Sat only: 11.45 pm). Sun: 4.0, 7.30

BORN FREE (U). Tasteful and relatively faithful adaptation of Joy Adamson's runaway best-seller. Virginia McKenna makes a long-promised comeback as the woman who raises a lioness from a helpless cub and trains it to the point where its own domesticity is a danger to survival. (Bill Travers, Geoffrey Keen. Dir: James Hill. Col. 99 min. Royal Film of 1966.) *Columbia Shaftesbury Avenue.* REG 5414. 12.25, 2.29, 4.38, 6.47, 9.1. Sat: 11.29 pm. Sun: 3.59, 6.8, 8.27

THE GREAT RACE (U). Extravagantly slapstick comedy involving a car race from New York to Paris, via Siberia, with Jack Lemmon as the villain and Tony Curtis as the spoof hero. Blake Edwards's feeblest screenplay, but with a good sense of the period. While determined to be a lot of fun, it merely proves conclusively that Cinerama and comedy don't mix. (Col. 153 min.) *Astoria Charing Cross Rd.* GER 5385. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.0, 8.0

THE GREAT ST TRINIAN'S TRAIN ROBBERY (U). Ronald Searle's little monsters unusually subdued under Frank Launder's direction. Plenty of comic invention in Frankie Howerd's performance: for the most part the script plays for maximum security conditions. (Dora Bryan, George Cole. Col. 93 min.) *Studio One Oxford St.* GER 3300. 1.40, 4.10, 6.45, 9.20. Sun: 3.45, 6.20, 9.0

JULES ET JIM (X). Based on the novel by Henri-Pierre Roche, the story begins just before the First World War, and traces the development of the relationships between Catherine (Jeanne Moreau) and her lovers Jules (Oskar Werner) and Jim (Henri Serre). Truffaut, perhaps the most talented of the young French directors, has an instinctive feeling for the cinema. (Showing with Varda's exquisite but facile *Le Bonheur.*) (France, sub-titled. 105 min.) *Berkeley Tottenham Ct Rd.* MUS 8150. 12.40, 4.0, 7.20. Sun: 4.0, 7.20. *Le Bonheur,* 2.35, 5.55, 9.15. Sun: 5.55, 9.15

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (X). Fellini's companion piece to *8½,* this time in superb colour, tells the story of the soul-searching of a rather idle, middle-aged woman (Giulietta Masina) whose husband is unfaithful to her. Her haunting and surrealistic fantasies are explored with great cinematic virtuosity, but in the last analysis, the film proves as insubstantial as the apparitions themselves. (France/Italy. Col. 137 min.) *Academy Two.* GER 5129. Oxford St, W1 (tentative). 12.15, 3.0, 5.50, 8.45. Sun: 5.10, 8.5

THE KNACK (X). Dick Lester's free and inventive adaptation of the play by Ann Jellicoe. Rita Tushingham plays a provincial innocent who finds herself suddenly surrounded by three men: one incredibly endowed with the knack (Ray Brooks), one moderately so (Donal Donnelly) and one painfully bereft of it (Michael Crawford). Despite its occasionally laboured visual gags, it has great vitality. (85 min.) With *Irma la Douce. Odeon Haymarket.* WHI 2738. 2.0, 7.0. *The Knack:* 4.30, 9.30

THE LOVED ONE (X). An attack on American folkways, burial-wise. Directed by Tony Richardson, this is a heavy-handed adaptation of the satirical novel by Evelyn Waugh, with a scenario by Christopher Isherwood and Terry Southern. A bumptious young Englishman (Robert Morse), a corpse cosmetician (Anjanette Comer), and Mr Joyboy (Rod Steiger), the Chief Mortician at Whispering Glades Memorial Park, act out the eternal triangle, amid the embalming rooms and stiffened corpses. (Jonathan Winters, Liberace. 117 min.) *Empire Leicester Square.* GER 1234. 12.56, 3.33, 6.10, 8.47 (Sat only 11 pm). Sun: 3.16, 5.53, 8.30. Transfers to *Ritz Leicester Square* 26 Apr

MONSIEUR HULOT'S HOLIDAY (U). Jacques Tati's now classic comedy about the misadventures of a gauche French bachelor on holiday. The comedy of mime and manners puts Tati in the forefront of contemporary film comedians. Nathalie Pascaud. Dir: Jacques Tati. France. 1951/52. 90 min.) *Prince Charles Theatre,* Leicester Place, W1. GER 8181. 12.55, 3.40, 6.30, 9.30 (Sat only: 12.15 am). Sun: 3.30, 6.20, 9.10

MORGAN – A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT (A). Morgan Delt (David Warner), a gentle, confused dreamer, a failed artist, abandoned by his wife, has a strange affinity with gorillas, and escapes from reality with fantasies of Tarzan and King Kong. Directed by Karel Reisz, with a whole host of cinematic stunts, from the story and television play by David Mercer, with Vanessa Redgrave, Irene Handl and Bernard Bresslaw. (97 min.) *Carlton Haymarket.* WHI 3711. 1.45, 4.10, 6.35, 9.0 (Sat only: 11.15 pm). Sun: 4.10, 6.35, 9.0

MY FAIR LADY (U). Lavish, if not cloying, direction of the Lerner & Loewe musical by George Cukor with Edwardian décor by Cecil Beaton. Rex Harrison carries the film along with commanding style, with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited, though rather inadequate Eliza. Great vitality, but played a little too safe. (Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde White. Col. Super-Panavision. 185 min.) *Warner Leicester Square,* W1. GER 3423. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.30, 7.45, 11.45. Sun: 3.0, 7.15. *Royalty Kingsway,* WC2. HOL 8004. 2.45, 8.0. Sun: 3.15, 7.30

NO QUESTIONS ON SATURDAY (U). A Franco-Israeli production, directed by Alex Joffé, abounding in Jewish gags and whimsy. It tells the story of an old man's attempts to attain Heaven and presents Robert Hirsch with the opportunity to demonstrate his versatility by playing not only the old man, but most of the members of his family. (Rina Ganov, Dahlia Friedland. France/Israel. 106 min.) *La Continentale* Tottenham Court Road, MUS 4193

OUR MAN FLINT (A). Director Daniel Mann endeavours to outspoof Bond in what becomes a tiresome use of gimmickry, with quite serious undercurrents of nastiness. James Coburn is less endearing than Connery as secret agent Flint. (Lee J Cobb. Col. 108 min.) *Rialto Coventry Street.* GER 3488. 1.20, 3.50, 6.20, 8.50. Sun: 3.40, 6.15, 8.50

PIERROT LE FOU (X). Jean-Luc Godard's first excursion into colour, with a story based on the novel *Obsession* by Lionel White. Pierrot (Jean-Paul Belmondo) runs away from his wife, and meets his former love, Marianne (Anna Karina). The lyricism of their love affair on the Riviera is justaposed with the violence and betrayal of the world around them. (Col. 100 min.) *Cameo-Poly,* Upper Regent Street. LAN 1744

THE RED DESERT (X). Through the characters of Giuliana (Monica Vitti), who cannot come to terms with the life around her, Antonioni explores still further the moral problems brought about by industrialisation. Set in Ravenna, it is, in many ways, an uncertain and unsatisfactory film, but nevertheless remarkable for its formal beauty and the abstract use of colour. (Richard Harris. Dir: Michelangelo Antonioni. Col. 116 min.) *Paris Pullman, Drayton Gardens.* FRE 5898. 1.50, 5.20, 9.0. Sun: 5.20, 9.0. With: *All the Gold in the World.* 3.50, 7.25. Sun: 3.50, 7.25. Sat: 10.30 pm

RIDE BEYOND VENGEANCE (X). A man leaves his wife to search for gold and returns nine years later to face hostility from the townsfolk. A modern, violent Western. (Chuck Connors, Michael Rennie, Joan Blondell, Gloria Grahame, Gary Merrill, Bill Bixby. Dir: Bernard McEveety. Col. 100 min.) With: *That Man in Istanbul* (A). *Leicester Square Theatre.* WHI 6252. Opened 14 April

THE SILENCERS (A). Natural progression in the spy cycle – the agent who has everything and can't cope with it all. Matt Helm (Dean Martin) is the lazy hero dragged out of seductive retirement to thwart a megalomaniac's plan to control the world. Peppered with private jokes and immense good humour. (Daliah Lavi, Cyd Charisse, Victor Buono. Dir: Phil Karlson. Col. 104 min.) *Odeon Leicester Square.* WHI 6111

SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Robert Wise's three-hour version of the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical, with hosts of singing nuns and children. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood; Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. (Peggy Wood, Eleanor Parker. Col. Todd-AO. 170 min.) *Dominion Tottenham Court Road,* W1. MUS 2176. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 2.30, 8.0

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (U). A slender pretext for collecting together a whole host of international stars for an air race between London and Paris. There are some pleasant enough shots of early aeroplanes, but little or no feeling for comic effect. (Terry-Thomas, Sarah Miles, Robert Morley, Gert Frobe, Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Jean-Pierre Cassel. Col. Todd-AO. 130 min.) *Metropole Victoria.* VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THUNDERBALL (A). Bond has only a few days to find the two atom bombs stolen by SPECTRE. Gadgetry galore, underwater sex, and Connery confidently assuming the role of Superman. (Bernard Lee, Lois Maxwell. Dir: Terence Young. Col. 125 min.) *London Pavilion Piccadilly Circus,* W1. GER 2982. 10.30, 12.55, 3.30, 5.55, 8.40 (Sat: 11.30 pm). Sun: 3.15, 5.55, 8.40

VIVA MARIA (A). Louis Malle, the director, has seized the opportunity to show off the entirely disparate talents of Mesdames Jeanne Moreau (Maria I) and Brigitte Bardot (Maria II), in a gay and amusing story about two song-and-dance girls in a carnival who become embroiled in a South American revolution. (George Hamilton. Col. 120 min.) *Curzon Cinema, Curzon Street,* W1. GRO 3737. 1.45, 4.5, 6.25, 8.50 (Sat only: 11 pm). Sun: 3.45, 6.10, 8.30

WHERE THE SPIES ARE (A). Yet another spy-melodrama. With a stylish screenplay by Val Guest and Wolf Mankowitz, David Niven plays a stuffy, slightly dotty English doctor who is pressed into Middle-Eastern espionage. (Dir: Val Guest. Col. 113 min.) *Ritz Leicester Square.* GER 1234. 1.30, 4.0, 6.25, 88.55 (Sat only: 11.30 pm). Sun: 3.40, 6.10, 8.35. Ends 25 Apr

COMING SOON

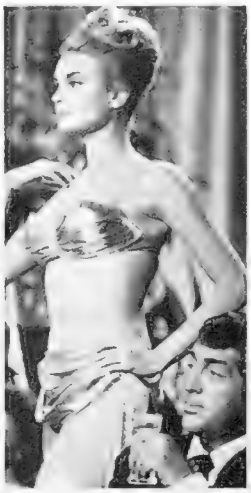
2 May: **OTHELLO** (Royal première, Odeon Leicester Square)
5 May: **MODESTY BLAISE** (Première, Odeon Leicester Square)
9 June: **KHARTOUM** (world charity première, Casino Cinerama, Old Compton Street)

GENERAL RELEASE

† Second feature varies: * Sunday programme differs

RANK RELEASE NORTH

Until Sat: THE UGLY DACHSHUND (U). Full supporting programme.



Inga Neilson and Dean Martin in the Slaygirl Club sequence from "The Silencers."

From Sun: THE SILENCERS (A). Natural progression in the spy-cycle – Matt Helm (Dean Martin) is the lazy hero dragged out of seductive retirement to thwart a megalomaniac's plan to control the world. (Daliah Lavi, Cyd Charisse, Victor Buono. (Dir: Phil Karlson. Col. 104 min.) With: **Broken Sabre** (U).

Acton Odeon
Camden Town Odeon
†**Chelsea** Odeon
Clapton Kenninghall
Dalston Odeon
Ealing Odeon
East Ham Odeon
Edgware Road Odeon
Edmonton Regal
Finchley Gaumont
Forest Gate Odeon
Harlesden Odeon
†**Haverstock Hill** Odeon (Until Sat: Doctor in Clover (A)
Hendon Odeon
Highgate Odeon
Holloway Odeon
Islington Odeon
Kensal Rise Odeon
Kilburn State
Kingsbury Odeon
King's Cross Odeon
Leyton Odeon
Leytonstone Rialto
Mile End Road Odeon
Muswell Hill Odeon
Notting Hill Gaumont (Until Sat: Cat Ballou (A)
Park Royal Odeon
Poplar Essoldo (Closed Sun)
Shepherd's Bush Odeon
Southgate Odeon
Stamford Hill Odeon
***Swiss Cottage** Odeon (Not Tues 25 April)
Walthamstow Granada (Not Sat: 23 April)
Westbourne Grove Odeon

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

Until Sat: THAT RIVIERA TOUCH (U). Full supporting programme.

Suzanne Pleshette registers dismay at the destructive antics of her "Ugly Dachshund."

From Sun: THE UGLY DACHSHUND (U). Disney's Easter offering with Suzanne Pleshette fretting hysterically over the pregnancy of her pedigree dachshund and registering violent disapproval when her husband and the vet conspire to slip a Great Dane puppy in with the litter. Laboured, overlong comedy with the humans eclipsed by the animal cast. (Dean Jones, Charlie Ruggles. (Dir: Norman Tokar. Col. 93 min.) With: **Winnie the Pooh and The Honey Tree** (U) and **The Tenderfoot** (U) .

Balham Odeon
Brixton Astoria
Bromley Odeon
Camberwell Odeon
Clapham Granada (Until Sat: Carry On Cowboy (U) and full supporting programme)
Croydon Odeon
***Deptford** Odeon
East Dulwich Odeon
Greenwich Granada (Not Fri 22 and Wed 27 April. Bingo)
***Lewisham** Odeon
***Morden** Odeon
***Old Kent Road** Astoria
Penge Odeon
Putney Odeon (not Th 21 April. Aida (U)
Richmond Odeon (Not Wed 27 April. Swan Lake (U)
South Norwood Odeon
Streatham Odeon
Sydenham Granada
Thornton Heath Granada
Tooting Granada (Not Wed 27 April. Stage: Roy Orbison)
***Walham Green** ABC
Well Hall Odeon
Wimbledon Odeon

ABC RELEASE NORTH

Until Sat: THE SINGING NUN (U). With full supporting programme.

Millicent Martin in pierrot costume for "Stop the World – I Want to Get Off."

From Sun: STOP THE WORLD – I WANT TO GET OFF (A). The lively Newley – Bricusse musical transfers uncomfortably to the screen with Tony Tanner and Millicent Martin in the roles created by Newley and Anna Quayle. The central idea still has great emotional power and impact: the life of the insignificant Littlechap, his love for the boss's conventionally educated daughter, his sudden promotion and an eventual peerage – all represented by a clown's mime.
(Dir: Philip Saville. Col. 100 min). With: **Brainstorm** (A).

Bowes Park Ritz
Camden Town Plaza (Until Sat: To Trap a Spy
Clapton ABC
Ealing ABC
Edgware Road ABC (Until Sat: Alfie (X)
Essex Road ABC
Fulham Road ABC (Until Sat: Alfie (X)
Golders Green ABC
Hackney ABC
Hammersmith ABC
Hampstead Classic (Until Sat: Carry on Cowboy (A).
Holloway ABC
Kensal Rise Palace
Kentish Town ABC
Kilburn Essoldo
***King's Cross** Century (Until Sat: M. Hulot's Holiday (U)
Leyton ABC
Manor Park Coronation
Mile End Road ABC
Muswell Hill ABC
Neasden Ritz
Stratford ABC
Stoke Newington ABC
Tottenham Florida
Upton Park ABC
Woodford Majestic

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

Until Sat: CARRY ON COWBOY (A). Full supporting programme.

Debbie Reynolds in the title role of "The Singing Nun," based on the life story of Soeur Sourire.

From Sun: THE SINGING NUN (U). Debbie Reynolds ploughs ruthlessly through this schmaltzy musical based on the story of the Belgian nun who entered the Hit Parade. Ricardo Montalban plays a kleptomaniac priest and Greer Garson the traditionally serene Mother Superior. Miss Reynolds bathes rapturously in her new success but renounces it for a missionary life in the Congo, after practising inoculation at great length on a grapefruit. Only the music survives with any real charm, and even that is hampered by the *non sequiturs* in the script which has Miss Reynolds and her former boyfriend chewing over the past. She keeps telling him how happy she is; he can only reply that they've come a long way from the Paris Conservatory. With the credit title: "Music by Soeur Sourire, lyrics by Randy Sparks," we would say the distance is beyond reckoning. The critic of an eminent Catholic newspaper left the Press show after 20 minutes; his colleagues booed him. (Dir: Henry Koster. Col. 96 min). With **A Global Affair** (A)

Beckenham ABC
Blackheath ABC
Brixton ABC
Camberwell ABC
Catford ABC
Croydon ABC
Elephant & Castle Theatre
Forest Hill Capitol
Old Kent Road ABC
Putney ABC
Richmond ABC
Streatham ABC
Tooting ABC
Wimbledon ABC

OTHER FILMS

A guide to local cinemas showing off-circuit programmes. The numbers cross-refer to films listed in the sections below. Readers should not be distracted by a jump in the sequence of numbers. This only indicates a late programme change

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

***Acton Granada.** 59, 68.
Baker Street Classic. 33, 66, 77.
Balham Ritz. 16, 59.
Bayswater ABC. 21, 84.
Brentwood Odeon. 87, 88.
Brixton Classic. 2, 82.
***Brixton Granada.** 47, 57.
***Camberwell Grand.** 50, 74.
Chelsea Classic. 36, 45.
Charing Cross Road Jacey. 41.
Chelsea Essoldo. 21, 32.
Clapham Junction Imperial. 12, 2
Croydon Classic. 8, 28, 45.
***Crystal Palace Granada.** 16, 59.
Dalston Classic. 52, 70.
Ealing Walpole. 79, 85.
***East Ham Granada.** 1, 57.
Edmonton Granada. 54, 61.
Finchley Rex. 19, 77.
Finsbury Park Astoria. 23.
Golders Green Ionic. 19, 20.
Great Windmill Street Cameo Moulin. 43.
Hackney Essoldo. 32, 55.
***Hammersmith Broadway.** 21, 32.
Hampstead Everyman. 26, 30.
***Harlesden Coliseum.** 6, 63, 76.
Harringay Curzon. 21, 32.
***Harrow Road Prince of Wales.** 23, 32.
Hendon Gala. 34, 58.
Hendon Gaumont. 46, 65.
***Highams Park Regal.** 21, 73.
***Islington Rex.** 7.
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ADVENTURE

1 **Adventures of Scaramouche** (U). Gerard Barray, Gianna Maria Canale. From Mon: East Ham Granada. With: Duel at Rio Bravo (U)

2 **Big Gamble** (U). Stephen Boyd, Juliette Greco. Until Sat: Brixton Classic. With: The Wizard of Bagdad (U)

3. **Goliath and the Sins of Babylon** (U). Mark Forest. Until Sat: Stockwell Classic. With: Man from Laramie (U)

4 **Great Wall** (A). Shintaro Katsu. Oxford Street Cinephone

5 **Hero's Island** (A). James Mason, Rip Torn. From Mon: St Pancras Tolmer. With: Wild and Innocent (A)

6 **Kings of the Sun** (A). Yul Brynner, Shirley Ann Field, George Chakiris. Until Sat: St Pancras Tolmer. With: The Verdict (U). From Mon: Harlesden Coliseum. With: McLintock (U)

7 **Legend of Young Dick Turpin** (U). David Weston, George Cole, Roger Booth. Until Sat: Islington Rex. With: Moon Pilot (U)

8 **Littlest Rebel** (U). Shirley Temple, John Boles. Until Sat: Croydon Classic. With: The Chalk Garden (U)

9 **Maciste the Mighty** (A). Mark Forest. Until Sat: Paddington Essoldo. With: Black Pirates (A)

10 **North to Alaska** (U). John Wayne, Stewart Granger. From Sun: Tooting Bec Classic. With: Apache Drums (U)

11 **Peter Pan** (U). Until Sat: Southfields Plaza. With: Gunfight at Sandoval (U)

12 **Pirates of Blood River** (U). Kerwin Matthews, Maria Landi. From Sun: Clapham Junction Imperial. With: Mysterious Island (U)

13 **Revenge of Spartacus** (U). Roger Browne, Scilla Gabel. Until Sat: Stoke Newington Coliseum. With: Man from Bitter Ridge (U)

14 **Taras Bulba** (U). Yul Brynner, Tony Curtis. Until Sat: Tooting Bec Classic. With: Legend of Lobo (U)

COMEDIES

15 **Carry on Admiral** (U). David Tomlinson. From Sun: Stockwell Classic. With: Carry on Jack (A)

16 **Carry on Cowboy** (A). Sid James, Jim Dale. Until Sat: Balham Ritz, Crystal Palace Granada, Peckham Odeon, Lewisham Rex. With: Change Partners (A)

17 **Carry on Jack** (A). Bernard Cribbens. From Sun: Stockwell Classic. With: Carry on Admiral (U)

18 **The General** (U). Buster Keaton. From Sun: Piccadilly Circus Classic

19 **Great St Trinian's Train Robbery** (U). Frankie Howerd, Dora Bryan, George Cole. Until Sat: Golders Green Ionic. With: The Amorous Prawn (U). From Sun: Finchley Rex. With: Sabre and the Arrow (U). Raynes Park Rialto. With: Torpedo Bay (U)

20 **Lady L** (A). Sophia Loren, David Niven, Paul Newman. From Sun: Golders Green Ionic. With: Money Trap (A)

21 **M. Hulot's Holiday** (U). Jacques Tati. Until Sat: Chelsea Essoldo, Highams Park Regal, Kilburn Grange, Queensbury Essoldo, Shepherds Bush Essoldo, Hammersmith Broadway, Bayswater ABC, Harringay Curzon. From Sun: Lewisham Rex

22 **Pajama Party** (U). Elsa Lanchester, Tommy Kirk. Until Sat: Finsbury Park Astoria. With: Stepney Odeon. With: Sergeant Deadhead (U)

23 **Stitch in Time** (U). Norman Wisdom. Until Sat: Finsbury Park Astoria, Harrow Road Prince of Wales. With: Man from Button Willow (U)

24 **Simon and Laura** (A). Kay Kendall, Peter Finch, Ian Carmichael. Fri only: 11.15 pm Notting Hill Classic

25 **That Riviera Touch** (U). Morecambe and Wise. Until Sat: Wandsworth Road Granada. With: Brass Bottle (U). Clapham Junction Imperial. With: Incident At Phantom Hill (U)

DRAMA

26 **Best Man** (A). Henry Fonda, Margaret Leighton. Until Sun: Hampstead Everyman

27 **Billy Budd** (U). Terence Stamp. Until Sat: Stepney Essoldo. With: Seven Ways from Sundown (U)

28 **The Chalk Garden** (U). Hayley Mills, John Mills, Deborah Kerr. Until Sat: Croydon Classic. With: The Littlest Rebel (U)

29 **Damaged Goods** (X). Piccadilly Jacey. With: Go Go World (X)

30 **Days of Wine and Roses** (X). Jack Lemmon, Lee Remick. From Mon: Hampstead Everyman

31 **Dear John** (X). Christina Schollin, Karl Julle. From Sun: Putney Globe. With: Sex can be Difficult (X)

32 **Fanny Hill** (A). Lalicia Roman, Miriam Hopkins. From Sun: Chelsea Essoldo. With: Midnight Lace (A). Hackney Essoldo. With: Son of Dracula (A). Queensbury Essoldo and Harringay Curzon. With: Nightmare in the Sun (A). From Mon: Stepney Essoldo. With: Nightmare in the Sun (A). Harrow Road Prince of Wales, Hammersmith Broadway. With: Two-Way Stretch (U)

33 **Girl with Green Eyes** (X). Peter Finch, Rita Tushingham. From Sun: Baker Street Classic

34 **Henry V** (U). Laurence Olivier. From Sun: Hendon Gala, Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre

35 **His Woman, Her Man** (U). Gina Lollobrigida. Marble Arch Jacey. With: Round the Bend (U)

36 **Hud** (A). Paul Newman, Patricia Neal. Until Sat: Chelsea Classic. Late show. Sat: 11.30 pm

37 **Knife in the Water** (X). Subtitled. Directed by Roman Polanski. From Sun: Notting Hill Classic

38 **L-Shaped Room** (X). Leslie Caron, Tom Bell. From Sun: Tooting Astoria. With: Live Now – Pay Later (X)

39 **Les Liaisons Dangereuses** (X). Subtitled. Jeanne Moreau, Gerard Philipe. Until Sat: Notting Hill Classic. Late show Sat: 11.15 pm

40 **Life at the Top** (X). Laurence Harvey, Jean Simmons. Until Sat: Raynes Park Rialto. From Mon: Southfields Plaza

41 **Marianna** (X). Anders Henrikson, Lotte Tarpe. Charing Cross Road Jacey

42 **Moulin Rouge** (A). José Ferrer, Colette Marchand. Until Sat: Victoria Cameo

43 **Naked World of Harrison Marks** (X). Great Windmill Street Cameo Moulin

44 **Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm** (U). Shirley Temple. Until Sat: Piccadilly Circus Classic

45 **The Servant** (X). Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Sarah Miles. From Sun: Chelsea Classic, Croydon Classic

46 **The VIPs** (A). Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton. From Sun: Hendon Gaumont

47 **Wild Harvest** (X). Kathleen Freeman, Dean Fredericks. From Mon: Brixton Granada. With: Kinsey Report (X)

48 **Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow** (X). Sophia Loren, Marcelo Mastroianni. Until Sat: Victoria Biograph. From Sun: Waterloo Station Classic

HORROR

49 **Devils of Darkness** (X). William Sylvester, Tracy Reed. From Sun: Shepherds Bush Essoldo. With: This Shocking World (X)

50 **Godzilla v. The Thing** (X). Akira Takarada. From Mon: Camberwell Grand. With: Time Travellers (A)

51 **Mix Me a Person** (A). Adam Faith, Anne Baxter. From Mon: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. With: Women's Prison (A)

52 **Quatermass Experiment** (X). Brian Donlevy, Jack Warner. From Sun: Dalston Classic. With: X the Unknown (X)

53 **The Raven** (X). Boris Karloff, Vincent Price. From Sun: Praed Street Classic. With: Dr Crippen (X)

54 **Revenge of Frankenstein** (X). Peter Cushing. From Sun: Edmonton Granada. With: Two Faces of Dr Jekyll (X)

MUSICALS

55 **A Hard Day's Night** (U). The Beatles. Until Sat: Hackney Essoldo. With: Gunfight at Dodge City (U)

56 **Follow That Dream** (U). Elvis Presley, Anne Helm. Until Sat: Waterloo Station Classic

57 **Mary Poppins** (U). Julie Andrews, Dick Van Dyke. Until Sat: E. Ham Granada. With: Donald's Happy Birthday (U). Brixton Granada. With: African Diary (U). (Sat 23 Apr: Wrestling.)

58 **Royal Ballet** (U). Margot Fonteyn. Until Sat: Hendon Gala, Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre

59 **Seven Brides for Seven Brothers** (U). Jane Powel, Howard Keel. Until Sat: Acton Granada. From Sun: Balham Ritz. From Mon: Crystal Palace Granada. With: King Solomon's Mines (U)

60 **Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs** (U). Until Sat: Putney Globe. With: Dr Syn (U)

61 **Wizard of Oz** (U). Judy Garland. Until Sat: Edmonton Granada. With: Tom Thumb (U). (Fri 22 Apr: Wrestling.)

THRILLERS

62 **Dial M for Murder** (A). Grace Kelly, Ray Milland. From Sun: Victoria Cameo

63 **Espionage in Lisbon** (U). Brett Halsey, Francesco Rosano. Until Sat Harlesden Coliseum. From Mon: Kilburn Grange. With: Day of Vengeance (U)

64 **Licensed to Kill** (A). Tom Adams, Karel Stepenek. Until Sat: Tooting Astoria. With: Invincible Masked Rider (A)

65 **Our Man Flint** (A). James Coburn. Until Sat: Hendon Gaumont, Richmond Gaumont. With full supporting programme

66 **Public Enemy No. 1** (U). Fernandel, Zsa Zsa Gabor. Fri only: 11.15 pm, Baker Street Classic

WAR

67 **Dam Busters** (U). Richard Todd, Michael Redgrave. Until Sat: Kilburn Classic. With: Hide & Seek (U)

68 **Great Escape** (U). James Garner, Steve McQueen. From Mon: Acton Granada

69 **Operation Crossbow** (A). Sophia Loren, George Peppard. From Sun: Stoke Newington Coliseum. With: Escort for Hire (A)

70 **The Train** (U). Burt Lancaster, Paul Scofield. Until Sat: Dalston Classic. With: Anything for Laughs (U). Praed Street Classic. With: Golden Age of Comedy (U)

71 **Young Lions** (A). Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift. From Sun: Kilburn Classic

WESTERNS

72 **Company of Cowards** (A). Glenn Ford, Stella Stevens. From Mon: Paddington Essoldo. With: Square of Violence (A)

73 **Hallelujah Trail** (U). Burt Lancaster. From Mon: Highams Park Regal

74 **Hell Bent for Leather** (U). Audie Murphy, Stephen McNally. Until Sat: Camberwell Grand. With: The Raiders (U)

75 **How the West Was Won** (U). James Stewart, Debbie Reynolds. From Sun: Wandsworth Road Granada. (Mon 25 & Wed 27 Apr: Bingo.)

76 **McLintock** (U). John Wayne. From Mon: Harlesden Coliseum. With: Kings of the Sun (U)

77 **Magnificent Seven** (U). Yul Brynner, Robert Vaughn, James Coburn, Steve McQueen. Until Sat: Baker Street Classic. Late Show: 11.15 pm, Finchley Rex. With: Up the Creek (U)

78 **Man from Laramie** (U). James Stewart. Until Sat: Stockwell Classic. With: Goliath & the Sins of Babylon (U)

79 **Massacre at Fort Grant** (U). German Cobos, Marta May. Until Sat: Ealing Walpole. With: Triumph of the Ten Gladiators (U)

80 **Seven Ways from Sundown** (U). Audie Murphy. Until Sat: Stepney Essoldo. With: Billy Budd (U)

Robert J Wilke as the Indian who meets champagne in a personal fracas in "The Hallelujah Trail" (see Westerns).

81 **Taggart** (A). Tony Young, Dan Duryea. Until Sat: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. With: The Final Hour (A)

82 **Two Rode Together** (A). James Stewart, Richard Widmark. From Sun: Brixton Classic. With: Camels West (U)

PRE-RELEASE

83 **Casanova 70** (X). Marcello Mastroianni, Virna Lisi. Kensington Odeon

STOP PRESS

84 **Darling . . .** (X). Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey. From Mon: Bayswater ABC

85 **Fiend Who Walked the West** (X). From Sun: Ealing Walpole. With: Rodan (X)

86 **Demon Doctor** (X). From Sun: Stepney Odeon. With: Varan the Unbelievable (A)

87 **That Riviera Touch** (U). Eric Morecambe, Ernie Wise, Suzanne Lloyd. Until Sat: Brentwood Odeon. With: Incident at Phantom Hill (U)

88 **West Side Story** (A). Richard Beymer, Natalie Wood, Russ Tamblyn, George Chakiris, Rita Moreno. From Mon: Brentwood Odeon

89 **Spy Who Came in from the Cold** (A). Richard Burton, Claire Bloom. Oskar Werner. Marble Arch Gala Royal

90 **To Trap a Spy** (A). Robert Vaughn, David McCallum. From Mon: Islington Rex. With: Son of a Gunfighter (A)

CINEMA CLUBS

Academy Cinema Club, Oxford Street, W1 (GER 8819)
Until Th 28 Apr: Life Upside-Down. 6.0, 8.30. Sat & Sun: 3.30, 6.0, 8.30

National Film Theatre, South Bank, Waterloo (WAT 3232)
Th 21-Sat 23 Apr: The War Game. Th & F: 6.0, 7.15, 8.30, 9.45
Sun 24 Apr: Great Stage Actors. 4.0, 6.15, 8.30
M 25-W 27 Apr: The War Game. 6.0, 7.15, 8.30, 9.45

Starlight Cinema Club, May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 7777)
Th 21 Apr: Oceans 11. 8.0. Spy With My Face. 10.30
Fri 22 Apr: Champagne Charlie with: It Always Rains on Sunday. 8.50. Spy With My Face. 10.30
Sat 23 Apr: Oceans 11. 8.0. Spy With My Face. 10.30
Sun 24 Apr, 4 days: Johnny Cool. 8.0, 10.30. Sun: 8.30

BOOKS

FIRST FIVE: 1 The Difficulty of Being by Jean Cocteau. 2 Sarkhan by William Lederer & Eugene Burdick. 3 That Was Yvette by Bettina Knapp & Myra Chipman. 4 Stonehenge Decoded by Gerald Hawkins. 5 The Seed by Tarjei Vesaas.

Sir Mortimer Wheeler, just returned from Arabia, bronzed and energetic as ever, describes the book he has written in conjunction with Roger Wood, *Roman Africa in Colour* (published on 25 April by Thames & Hudson, £7 7s), as "the end of a beginning. There are great gaps in our knowledge. We are just beginning to realise what we don't know. For far too long we have been obsessed by the glamour of the Mediterranean. Now – we have got to stop thinking that a column standing on its bottom is the beginning and end of archaeology!"

This, he says, is his second "portentous" book – the first was about the East. It covers the eight centuries when Rome ruled Africa, and is "one of those enormous books which cost the moon and you can't carry round with you, but which are in many ways a triumph of modern technique in this age of pictorial reproduction." Enormous trouble was taken over the magnificent photographs. Sir Mortimer has written an introduction and notes for each plate.

To come from Penguin – Len Deighton's "Funeral in Berlin" in June and Truman Capote's "In Cold Blood," scheduled for 1968.

At the moment he is Secretary of the British Academy. But he is best known to the public for his broadcasts and television appearances, and for his autobiography *Still Digging*. He has always been primarily interested in "man when he has learned to explain himself. Not when he is in a state of chipping his toe! There were infinitely many and varied civilisations – they were taking beautiful baths – when we were still in a state of scratching barbarism. I suppose good plumbing can be taken as a yardstick of civilisation – and leisure to think between meals."

After the end of the beginning, Sir Mortimer's next concern is with Arabia. He is very enthusiastic: "Arabia is a land of the future, a land of infinite possibilities, the door between East and West. In the back country, up in the mountains which are steep and high and very desolate, all sorts of civilisations have come and gone – infinitely worthy of study." Will he write a book about Arabia? "Books," he says sternly, "are a sideline. You've got to know first. But I'm at the time of life when you've almost got to write everything down before you know it, so there may be a masochistic revelation of ignorance!"

carole d'albiac

On 25 April Thames and Hudson publish Sir Mortimer Wheeler's "Roman Africa in Colour," written in conjunction with Roger Wood.

NOVELS

SARKHAN by William Lederer & Eugene Burdick. From the authors of *The Ugly American*, another novel with a cautionary, political tale: in the ancient kingdom of Sarkhan, in South-East Asia, the king is about to abdicate. There are three candidates for the succession: his son, the fish-gutter backed by Hanoi, and the American choice. Two Americans watch the political situation develop. Published by Putnam, 25 April, 21s

THE SEED by Tarjei Vesaas. The second of Vesaas's imaginative novels to be published in this country this year. A man, in maniacal, frantic search of healing, comes to an island. He murders a girl, is pursued by the islanders and killed by her brother. The avengers disintegrate, try to expiate their crime. Published by Peter Owen, 21 April, 25s

THE MEDICINE MEN by James Balfour. The story of three doctors, one keen on operating, one better on advising, one a literary man. A situation arises which demands that one of them be heroic. The three months' events are described. Published by Hutchinson, 25 April, 25s

WRITINGS, PHILOSOPHY, BIOGRAPHY

THAT WAS YVETTE by Bettina Knapp & Myra Chipman. Biography of the woman who rose from the streets of Paris to be the most acclaimed singer in Europe and America, fêted by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bernard Shaw, Edward VII, Freud and Zola. Published by Muller, 21 April, 35s

STONEHENGE DECODED by Gerald S Hawkins. A professor of astronomy from Boston University sets a computer to work on the 3,800-year-old monument. The method is given in detail; the results are astonishing: the chances that the stones were not scientifically placed in relation to the sun and moon and eclipses are about a million to one against. The myths, present-day celebrations and a description of the three successive waves of building the monument are also given. Published by Souvenir Press, 21 April, 30s

THE DIFFICULTY OF BEING by Jean Cocteau. Jean Cocteau regarded this as the key to his work. His childhood, the people he knew, his thoughts on such subjects as conversation, friendship, dreams, pain, death, "being without being," and his own style of writing. Published by Peter Owen, 21 April, 30s

E E CUMMINGS, A MISCELLANY ed George Firmage. A highly individual mind ranges over subjects from the theatre, the "agony of the artist," friends, travel – "How I do not love Italy" – to a translation of Louis Aragon's *The Red Front* and a short "Book without a Title," with his own drawings. Published by Peter Owen, 21 April, 37s 6d

SIXTY YEARS OF POWER by the Earl of Swinton. A study of the Prime Ministers of the last 60 years, from Balfour to Douglas-Hume, with, at the end, some personal opinions in the "conclusion of the whole matter." Published by Hutchinson, 25 April, 35s

NORTH-AMERICAN INDIAN MYTHOLOGY by Cottie Burland. The different groups of North-American Indians: the Eskimo, the Sioux, the Apache and Navajo. Their gods, heroes and organisation. Published by Paul Hamlyn, 22 April, 15s

MICHELANGELO by Nicholas Wadley. 54 colour and nine black and white illustrations of paintings, sculpture and architecture by Michelangelo. Published by Spring Books, 22 April, 15s

JOURNEY UP THE YEARS by C Vyvyan. The second part of Lady Vyvyan's autobiography covers the years from her marriage: friends, travel, war work, gardening and life in the Cornish mansion which in 1929 had seven house servants and now has one. Published by Peter Owen, 25 April, 25s

CAGES by Ruth Fainlight. A first collection of poems, which covers 17 years. The author was born in New York, has lived in France, Spain and Morocco, and now is the wife of Alan Sillitoe, living in London. Published by Macmillan, 25 April, 18s

BRITISH GARDEN BIRDS by Peter Condor. Descriptive text, illustrations and two records attached to the covers. Published by Record Books, 22 April, 25s

TRAVEL AND SPORT

BY WAY OF THE SPANISH ISLES by Anthony Rushworth-Lund. The voyage in his yacht with wife and children from England to the Balearics through the Bay of Biscay. Incidents, forgotten islands, an unusual description of Minorca. Published by Chapman & Hall, 21 April, 30s

THE WORLD IS A PROUD PLACE by Joyce Packer. A highly individual world tour: from Cape Town to Australia in a cargo boat, remote parts of the Outback, Flying Doctor missions, Honolulu, America, Europe. Published by Eyre & Spottiswoode, 21 April, 30s

GREAT MYSTERIES OF THE AIR by Ralph Barker. Stories of some of the classic air disappearances and inexplicable accidents; the cases of Glen Miller, Amelia Earhart, Bill Lancaster, Leslie Howard, the Duke of Kent and others. Published by Chatto & Windus, 21 April, 25s

NEW PAPERBACKS

REFORMATION & SOCIETY IN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY EUROPE by A G Dickens, Thames and Hudson, 25 April, 18s

SOUTHERN ITALY by Mathieu Smedts & Kees Scherer, Methuen, 21 April, 9s 6d

HOLLAND by Jaap Romijn & Kees Scherer, Methuen, 21 April, 9s 6d

THE VENETIAN AFFAIR by Helen MacInnes, Fontana, 25 April, 5s

THE RETURN OF GUNNER ASCH by H H Kirst, Fontana, 25 April, 5s

THE PRESENT STAGE by John Kershaw, Fontana, 25 April, 3s 6d

coming soon

28 April: VIETNAM ed Marvin Gettleman (Penguin)

ROYAL FOUNDATIONS by Simon Raven (Blond)

SABRE TOOTH by Peter O'Donnell (Souvenir)

2 May: THE MAGUS by John Fowles (Cape)

16 May: LUCINDA by Charlotte Bingham (Heinemann)

MUSIC

FIRST FIVE: 1 Der Rosenkavalier, Covent Garden (Thurs, Sat, Tues). 2 Die Fledermaus, Sadler's Wells (Sat). 3 LSO with Maazel (Beethoven's 9th), Festival Hall (Sun). 4 Menuhin Birthday Concert, Festival Hall (Tues). 5 BBC Symphony Orchestra (Mahler's 3rd), Festival Hall (Wed).

When Frederick Ashton mounted *Cinderella* (to the Prokofiev score) for the Royal Ballet in 1948, it represented the first-ever full-length ballet by an English choreographer. The present production at Covent Garden is the one revived on 23 December 1965, and last Saturday Cinderella was danced by Nadia Nerina, who is one of those enigmatic dancers who is always full of surprises. But alas, on this occasion her Cinderella was more of a shattering shock than a form of super-surprise.

Everything seemed toned down to a minimum . . . in Scene I of the first act, set in a god-forsaken basement room, her dance-acting did nothing to win our sympathy for her underdog existence; her dancing in the Palace Ball Scene emitted some semblance of neo-classical sparkle, although she seemed to lack timing in certain movements, particularly supported *pirouettes*. Only in the last act (Scene II: An Enchanted Garden) did she begin to suggest some sort of conviction for the part. But by then it was too late – the ballet was over.

Dutch conductor Bernard Haitink will make his first appearance as musical director of the London Philharmonic Orchestra at a Royal concert next March.

David Blair, always noble and very aristocratic, gave admirable support as the Prince. If his apparent putting on of weight is slowing him down in solos, his dancing still pursues a clean, uncluttered technique – although, admittedly, more suited to *demi-caractère* than purely classical roles. Laurence Ruffell's Jester is a more subdued (even with a hint of pathos) version of that by Alexander Grant and Brian Shaw, and none the worse for that.

The Fairies of the Four Seasons – the only real highlight in a production sadly lacking in fireworks – were danced by Jennifer Penney Spring), Vergie Derman Summer), Ann Jenner Autumn) and Monica Mason Winter). For Miss Penney, this was her *début* as the Fairy Spring, and she sailed through the piece as though she had been dancing it for years. Derman, in particular, gave a beautifully lyrical interpretation of Fairy Summer (far surpassing her predecessor, Vyvyan Lorrayne), and Jenner cautiously and bravely tackled what must be among the most difficult pieces of protracted Ashton ever created; and as the Fairy Winter, Mason projected just the right kind of coldness needed for the part.

ian woodward

Ileana Constantinou, winner of the Prix d'Excellence of the Athens National Conservatoire, is in Britain and will give her first recital at the Wigmore Hall on 10 May.

BALLET

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC (COV 1066). (Sandwiches and coffee available in upper house 1 hour before curtain. Salads available in Crush Bar half-hour before curtain up or during interval, but must be ordered by 1 pm on day concerned)
F 22 Apr: Swan Lake, Tchaikovsky/Ivanov and Petipa. Conductor: Lanchbery. Principals: Nerina, Blair. 7.30
M 25 Apr: The Dream, Mendelssohn-Barthody/Ashton. Monotones Nos 1 and 2, Satie/Ashton. Les Noces, Stravinsky/Nijinska. Conductor: Lanchbery. Principals: Beriosova, Sibley, Dowell. 7.30

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (TER 1672). (Grill Room: 3-course meal 17s 6d. Licensed. Wine by the glass or bottle. 6.30-7.30 pm. Cold buffet service in the Wells Room)
Th 21 Apr: Sun into Darkness, Williamson/Darrell/Rudkin. Conductor: Alwyn. Western Theatre Ballet. Principals: Haig, Hywel, McDonald, Washington, Cazelet, Meyer, Sherwood. 7.30
Sat 23 Apr: Sun into Darkness. Williamson/Darrell/Rudkin. Conductor: Alwyn. Western Theatre Ballet. Principals: Haig, Hywel, McDonald, Washington, Cazelet, Meyer, Sherwood. 2.30

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066) (Sandwiches and coffee available in upper house 1 hour before curtain. Salads available in Crush Bar half-hour before curtain up or during interval, but must be ordered by 1 pm on day concerned)
Th 21 Apr: Der Rosenkavalier, R Strauss (in German). Conductor: Solti. Principals: Jurinac, Carlyle, Veasey, Minton, Macdonald, Dobson, Ronald Lewis, Langdon. (First performance of new production.) 7.0
Sat 23 Apr: Der Rosenkavalier, R Strauss (in German). Conductor: Solti. Principals: Jurinac, Carlyle, Veasey, Minton, Macdonald, Dobson, Ronald Lewis, Langdon. 7.0
W 27 Apr: Tosca, Puccini (in Italian). Conductor: Downes. Principals: Collier, Cioni, Bacquier, Garrett, Kelly. 7.30

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (TER 1672) (Grill Room: 3-course meal 17s 6d. Licensed. Wine by the glass or bottle. 6.30 pm until 7.30 pm. Cold buffet service in the Wells Room)
F 22 Apr: Faust, Gounod (last performance). Conductor: Braithwaite. Principals: Edwards, Pashley, German, McAlpine, Jones, Singleton, Garrard. 7.30
Sat 23 Apr: Die Fledermaus, J Strauss. Conductor: Matheson. Principals: Eddy, June, S Chapman, Andrew, Belcourt, Fryatt, Bowman, Shilling, Blatchley (last performance). 7.30
Theatre closed until Mon 2 May

CAMDEN TOWN HALL, Euston Road, NW1 TER 7070). F 22 Apr: Rienzi, Wagner. Conductor: Leslie Head. Principals: Dowd, Evans, Sinclair, Noble, Beaches, Tinsley, Mangin. 7.30

WIMBLEDON THEATRE, SW19 WIM 5211). Th 21 Apr: Madame Butterfly, Puccini. Imperial Opera Company. 2.30 and 7.30
F 22 Apr: The Beggar's Opera, John Gay. Imperial Opera Company. 7.30
Sat 23 Apr: The Beggar's Opera, John Gay. Imperial Opera Company. 2.30
Sat 23 Apr: La Bohème, Puccini. Imperial Opera Company with Walter Midgley. 7.30

GERMAN INSTITUTE, 51 Princes' Gate, Exhibition Road, SW7 (KEN 3648). T 26 and W 27 Apr: Pimpinone and Der Schulmeister, Telemann (in English). Opera Piccola, Caldicott School Choir, Opera Piccola Quartet. Director at the harpsichord: John Burrows. Soloists: Frederick Westcott, Joan Passmore. 8.0

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Th 21 Apr: Symphony No 9, Mahler. London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Jascha Horenstein. 8.0
Sat 23 Apr: The Thelonius Monk Quartet. 6.15 and 9.0
Sun 24 Apr: Beethoven. London Symphony Orchestra, Bach Choir. Conductor: Lorin Maazel. Soloists: Heather Harper, Norma Procter, Alexander Young, David Ward. 7.30
M 25 Apr: Walton, Mendelssohn, R Strauss. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Rudolf Kempe. Soloist: Wolfgang Schneiderhan (violin). 8.0
T 26 Apr: Yehudi Menuhin 50th Birthday Concert. Beethoven, Vivaldi, Mozart. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductors: Sir Adrian Boult, Yehudi Menuhin. Soloists: Yehudi Menuhin, violin, Hephzibah Menuhin, piano, Yaltah Menuhin, piano, Jeremy Menuhin, piano. Leaders of international orchestras. 8.0
W 27 Apr: Symphony No 3, Mahler. BBC Symphony Orchestra, Boys from Highgate School, Orpington Junior Singers. Conductor: Norman del Mar. Soloist: Helen Watts, contralto. 8.0

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7 (KEN 8212). F 22 Apr: Purcell, Delius, Rachmaninov, Dvorak. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Walter Susskind. Soloist: Peter Katin (piano). 7.45
Sat 23 Apr: Nina & Frederik. 7.30
Sun 24 Apr: Zionist Federation of Great Britain and Ireland celebration of Israel's 18th Independence Day. 7.30
W 27 Apr: Vellore Concert – The Dream of Gerontius, Elgar. London Philharmonic Orchestra, London Philharmonic Choir. Conductor: Frederic Jackson. Soloists: Kathleen Joyce, Gerald English, Roger Stalman, Ralph Downes, organ. 7.30

FAIRFIELD HALL, Croydon (CRO 9291). Th 21 and F 22 Apr: This Is Scotland – music, songs and dance of Scotland. 7.30
Sat 23 Apr: Bach/Stokowski, Chopin, Prokofiev, Respighi. Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Constantin Silvestri. Soloist: Lydia Grychtolowna, piano. 7.45
M 25 Apr: The Thelonius Monk Quartet. 8.15
W 27 Apr: Mantovani and His Orchestra. 7.45

ODEON, Swiss Cottage (PRI 3424). T 26 Apr: Debussy, Prokofiev, Beethoven. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Ambrosian Singers. Conductor: Rudolf Kempe. Soloist: Malcolm Frager, piano. 8.0

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6731). Sun 25 Apr: Handel's six Concerti Grossi and works by his English contemporaries. Polyphonia Orchestra. Conductor: Bryan Fairfax. 7.30

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Duke's Hall, Marylebone Road, NW1 (WEL 5461). T 26 Apr: Brahms, Haydn, Malcolm Arnold, Dvorak. Civil Service Orchstra. Conductor: David Thompson. Soloist: Malcolm Smith

RECITALS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Sun 24 Apr: Schubert, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann. Peter Frankl, piano. 3.0

WIGMORE HALL; Wigmore Street, W1 (WEL 2141). Tr 21 Apr: Ella Kiang, soprano. 7.30
F 22 Apr: Mozart, Brahms, Ravel, Paganini, Ysaye, Leon Ara, violin, Colin Kingsley, piano. 7.30
Sat 23 Apr: Beethoven, Chopin, Bach, Fauré, Debussy. Ruth Soskind, piano. 3.0. Songs by Handel, Bach, Mozart, Brahms, Strauss, Fauré, Debussy, Ravel. Estelle Skouras, soprano, Paul Hamburger, piano
Sun 24 Apr: George Malcolm, harpsichord. 3.0
M 25 Apr: Schubert, Wolf, Dvorak. William Pearson, bass-baritone, Geoffrey Parsons, piano. 7.30
T 26 Apr: Scarlatti, Schubert, Ravel, Schumann. André Krust, piano. 7.30
W 27 Apr: Music for harp by Handel, Mozart, Albeniz, Guiridi, Walters, Fauré, Salzedo. Songs by Handel, Hawdn, Duparc, Rossini. Marisa Robles, harp, Shelia Armstrong, soprano, Martin Jones, piano. 7.30

FAIRFIELD HALL, Croydon (CRO 9291). T 26 Apr: Janette de Roet, piano. 1.5

LAW SOCIETY, Chancery Lane, WC2 (CHA 1222). T 26 Apr: Bach, Handel, Murrill, Rameau, Scarlatti, George Malcolm, harpsichord. 6.30

FRENCH INSTITUTE, Queensberry Place, SW7 (KIN 6211). Th 21 Apr. Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, Debussy, Landowski. Nicole Eysseric, piano. 8.15

GALLERIES

FIRST FIVE: 1 Dubuffet (Tate Gallery). 2 Dubuffet (ICA). 3 Dubuffet (Robert Fraser). 4 Michelangelo Tondo (V&A). 5 Miro (Marlborough Fine Arts).

Unlike Aladdin, we are not likely to exchange our antique lamp or other objects d'art for similar ones that look brand new. We prefer our antiques to appear a bit antique and find something disturbing about an old object that is in pristine condition. Few of us are fortunate enough to own what we lightly call "museum pieces" but even when we are invited to fondle a piece of mint-perfect Ming there seems to be more than just a few hundred years between us and it. There is a difficulty in accepting the object as real, even with a practised act of imagination backed up by historical knowledge and a deep sympathy with the style and the period of the work of art we are regarding.

This elusive reaction may partly be accounted for by a trace of left-over romanticism in the aesthetic philosophy of our century – the preference we have for a textured and weathered fragment rather than a whole image. It is as if not only Time is required in a pedigree but also climate and a bit of earth. Of course cultural moods can change fairly quickly: we tend to ridicule

Much delayed exhibition of the paintings of Richard Smith will open at the Whitechapel in May.

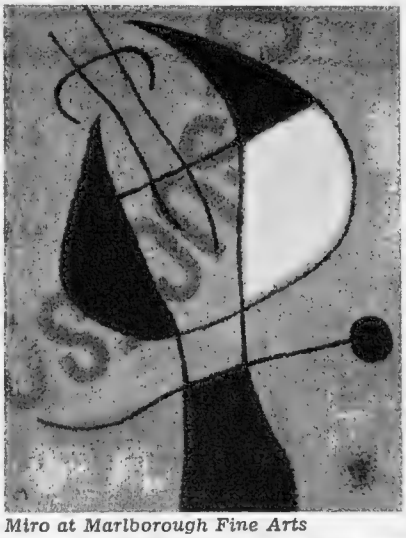
at present the idea of the Venus de Milo with her arms restored; no one recently has tried to finish Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, but already other of yesterday's absolutes have been modified. Transcendental techniques have returned to favour and appreciation, obviously in opera and more gradually in things like Liszt and Busoni transcriptions.

But behind the feeling that I am trying to define there is, in the visual arts at least, something more specific and symbolic. Art always speaks by metaphor and every image has meaning on more than one level of understanding. For example, in a Flemish portrait a single Romanesque column supporting the window frame is enough to indicate and assert the whole order of architecture that it is representing and the exotic and religious associations that went with it. A perfect part stands for a perfect whole.

In terms of the perfect Ming vase or a teacup that has only been used by an Emperor, glistening and fresh as the day it was made, the implication is simpler. I suggest that just because the object is quite whole it implies the possibility of total order, in itself and in other things.

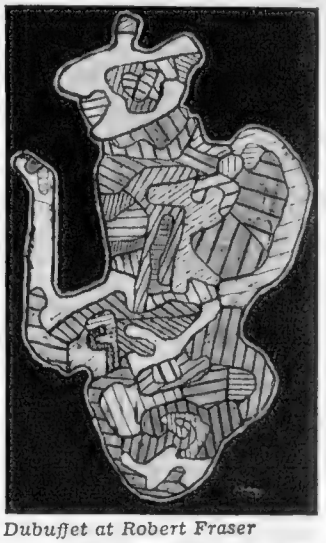
This is what disturbs us.

keith sutton

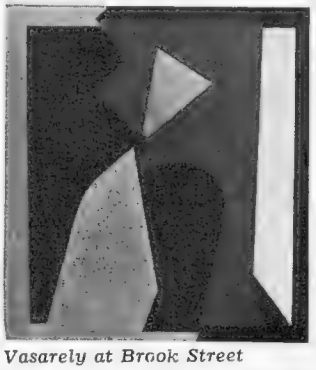


Miro at Marlborough Fine Arts

Manet at Tooths



Dubuffet at Robert Fraser



Vasarely at Brook Street

Guardi at Colnaghi

Goller at Hanover

OPENING

AVERY. Waddington, 2 Cork Street, W1. REG 1719. Recent watercolours. 26 April-21 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

ADRIAN HEATH. Redfern, 20 Cork Street, W1. REG 1732. New paintings, 1965-6. Oil on canvas large, about 4 to 5 ft. square, smaller oils on paper. 24 April-20 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

HAIG. O'Hana, 13 Carlos Place, W1. GRO 1562. Recent paintings. 21 April-7 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

MARLBOROUGH NEW LONDON. 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. John Piper, Ceri Richards, Sidney Nolan. Recent paintings. 25 April-25 May. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

MERCURY. 26 Cork Street, W1. REG 7800. Primitive Eye: paintings by Vivin, Wattis, Rousseau and Ollivary. 26 April-21 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

JOAN MIRO. Marlborough Fine Arts, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Selected paintings 1914-1963. 27 April-28 May. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

ARTHUR TOOTH. 31 Bruton Street, W1. GRO 6741. Paris-Londres: various painters, Impressionist and later. 26 April-14 May. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

SCHOTTLANDER. Hamilton, 8 St George Street, W1. HYDE 3196. Recent sculpture. 26 April-21 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

VASARELY. Brook Street Gallery. 24 Brook Street, W1. HYD 1550. 29 pieces, from early (1949) assymetric through linears and pure 'Op' to recent brightly coloured paintings. Also series of prints. 27 April-11 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

CURRENT

AIA, 15 Lisle Street, WC2. GER 4946. Prints by members. Until 4 May. M-F 11-6. Sat 11-4

DAVID ANNESLEY. Waddington, 2 Cork Street, W1. REG 1729. Recent sculpture; first solo exhibition with gallery. Until 23 April. M-F 10-6. Sat 10-1

ARCADE GALLERY, 7 Royal Arcade, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. HYD 1879. Mannerist and Baroque paintings, also sculpture and many small items. Greek, African Oceanic, etc. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

MARIAN BOHUSZ and **J IQBAL GEOFFREY.** Drian, 5/7 Porchester Place, W2. PAD 9473. Bohusz; second exhibition of religious paintings by the professor of the Polish School of Painting in London. Geoffrey; first exhibition at gallery; recent paintings. Until 30 April. Daily 10-6

JOHN CHRISTOPHERSON and **TIMOTHY GIBBS.** Leicester, 4 Audley Street, W1. MAY 1159. Christopherson; recent collages. Gibbs; paintings and gouaches. Until 7 May. M-F 10-5.30. Sat 10-1

COLNAGHI, 14 Old Bond Street, W1. HYD 1943. Old Master Drawings. Until 13 May. M-F 10-5.30

BUGATTI and **KUBIN.** Piccadilly, 16a Cork Street, W1. MAY 2875. Animal sculpture by Bugatti (1885-1916), elder brother of the car maker; in style, a cross between Cubism and Art Nouveau. Kubin (1877-1959), drawings by famous German book illustrator, seduced at the age of 11 by older woman and suffered the attentions of a sadistic maidservant; early fantasies anticipate surrealism. Until 14 May. M-F 10-6. Sat 10-1

DUBUFFET. ROBERT FRASER, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. "Utensiles Utopiques": recent work. Until 28 May. M-F 10-6. Sat 11-1

DUBUFFET. Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1. TAT 4444. Retrospective exhibition of work made between 1942 and 1965. Major post-war figurative artist who has worked in many unconventional media, sculptural relief and collage. Selected by Alan Bowness in consultation with the artist. Until 30 May. M-S 10-6. Tues and Th 10-8. Sun 2-6. Adm 3s 6d adults, 1s 9d students and old-age pens. Seasons – 10s and 5s

PETER SEDGLEY. McRoberts & Tunnard, 34 Curzon Street, W1. GRO 3811. Recent paintings, drawings and prints; mixed media on canvas and board, some large and some hexagonal. Until 14 May. M-F 10-5.30. Sat 10-1

ALAN DAVIE. Gimpels Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W1. MAY 3720. Several very large recent paintings. Until 21 May. M-F 10-5.45. Sat 10-1

DUBUFFET. ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. GRO 6186. Retrospective exhibition of period 1935-65, selected by Roland Penrose in consultation with the artist. About 70 works in gouache, pen and ink, etc. Until 30 April. M-F 10-6. Sat 10-1. Adm 2s 6d. Members free

BRUNO GOLLER. Hanover, 32a St George Street, W1. MAY 0296. Recent paintings by German artist (b 1901). Figurative imagery. Until 7 May. M-F 10-5.30. Sat 10-1

HAMPSTEAD ARTS CENTRE, Arkwright Road, NW3. HAM 2643. Anthology of Figurative Painting: including works by Michael Andrews, Euan Uglow, Dennis Creffield and Josef Herman. Second exhibition by new venture promoted by the Borough of Camden

which includes galleries and an art school. Until 29 May. Adm free. Tue-Sat 12-8, Sun 2-7

BRIAN KOETSER. Gallery, 38 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. WHI 6309. Exhibition of Dutch, Flemish, German and Italian Old Master paintings. Until May. M-F 10-6. Sat 9.30-1

RICHARD LIN and **LUCEBERT.** Marlborough New London, 17/18 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Lin – recent paintings and constructions. Lucebert – recent oil paintings. 20 April. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

THE QUEEN'S GALLERY, Buckingham Palace, SW1. "George IV and The Arts of France." Until further notice. T-Sat 11.15. Sun 2.30-5. Closed M. Adm 2s 6d, students 1s 6d

MICHEL DE ST OUEN. Artists Own, 26 Kingly Street. REG 8308. Second solo exhibition of fantasy paintings and drawings. 26 April. M-F 9.30-6. Sat 9.30-1

SOUVERBI. Roland, Browse and Delbanco, 18 Cork Street, W1. REG 7894. Recent paintings. Until 13 May. M-F 10-5.30. Sat 10-1

ALBERT STADLER. Kasmin, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. Second solo exhibition; fairly large canvases with soft-edged bands of colours. Until 23 April. M-F 10-5.30. Sat 10-1

MICHAEL THORPE. Rowan, 25a Lowndes Street, SW1. BEL 3490. First one-man show of abstract paintings. Until 26 April. M-F 10-6. Sat 10-1

BRIAN WALL. Grosvenor, 30 Davies Street, W1. MAY 0891. Head of Sculpture Department at the Central School having first solo exhibition of his recent sculpture since showing in the British Sculpture of the Sixties at the Tate, 1965. Until 7 May. M-F 10-6. Sat 10-1

PERMANENT

SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM, 13 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. HOL 2107. Unique museum: the private house and collection of the famous architect left exactly as it was when he died. The taste and progressive ideas of the late 18th century are embodied in such features as the indirectly lit dining-room, the collection of classical casts and originals, a Gothic cell, Soane's own drawings and projects, the famous series of Hogarth paintings and a rare early Watteau Adm free. T-Sat inclusive 10-6. Closed Sun and M

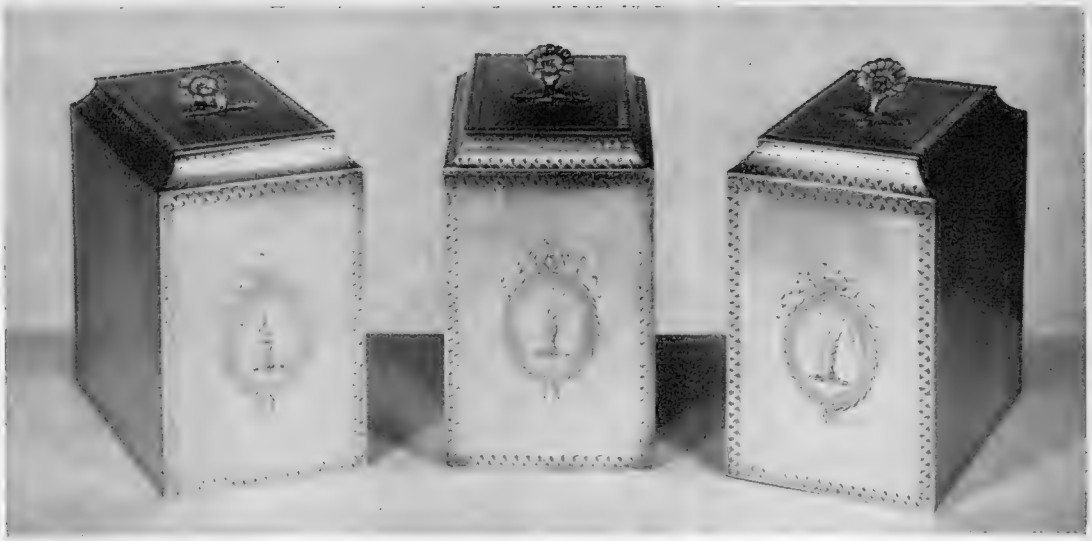
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. St Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, WC2. WHI 9511. Portraits of the famous in British history. AD790-1964. Acquisitions during 1965. M-Sat 10-5. Sun 2-6. Adm free

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar Square, WC2. WHI 7618. Permanent collection of Old Masters, possibly the most comprehensive in the world. Recent acquisitions and pictures rehung, after cleaning. M-Sat 10-6, Sun 2-6. Adm free

coming soon

NEW GENERATION exhibition of painting and sculpture chosen by Brian Robertson at the Whitechapel in June

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, South Kensington, SW7. KEN 6371. The Michelangelo Tondo; temporary exhibition with related drawings by Michelangelo and Raphael. Adm 2s, school parties 1s mid-May. All galleries open free daily 10-6, Sun 2.30-6



The set of three George III oblong tea-caddies (above) *were made by Joseph Preedy in 1774. They are contained in a fitted ivory casket, engraved in black with landscapes and trees, and are to be sold at Christie's on 26 April. The translucent amber cameo double-handled vase* (right) *was carved and signed by George Woodall. It is sent for sale by Thomas Webb & Sons of Stourbridge (Sotheby's 25 April). Woodall worked for them during the last quarter of the 19th century. The vase is 1 ft. 4 in. high and shows a girl smelling a rose. It is one of the finest examples of cameo glass and could fetch between £3,500 and £4,500*

SALEROOMS

FRI 22 APRIL

Narrative and landscape pictures of the 19th and 20th centuries at Christie's. 11 am. This is the kind of sale where the discerning buyer can pick out a painting by a lesser known artist which over the next few years could easily rocket in value. The beach scene by William Shayer could be just one of these pictures

Good English and Continental furniture, Stuart and early Georgian needlework, works of art, chandeliers and rugs and carpets at Sotheby's. 11 am. The needlework in this sale is fascinating. Collecting ancient needlework has recently received a considerable jolt in the arm but unfortunately for most would-be-vendors their samples date no later than Granny's bottom drawer. All-world stamps at Harmer Rooke's. 11 am and 2 pm. There are some interesting Belgian stamps in this sale

English and foreign coins at Glendining's. 1 pm

MON 25 APRIL

Chinese and Japanese ceramics, bronzes, hardstones and works of art at Christie's. 11 am

English and Continental glass at Sotheby's. 11 am. There are some very important pieces of cameo glass in this sale. Among the more important 19th century glassmakers was the firm of Thomas Webb & Sons, Stourbridge, when George Woodall the celebrated glass-carver was working for them. In this sale the present-day firm of Thomas Webb & Sons of Stourbridge are selling a superb translucent amber cameo double-handled vase carved with a girl smelling a rose by George Woodall. It could fetch between £3,500 and £4,500

TUES 26 APRIL

Fine Old English and foreign silver at Christie's. 11 am. Among the many fine pieces in this sale are three George III oblong teacaddies which fit into an Indian ivory casket. Just the present for the person who thinks they own everything there is to own in silver Books at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 2 pm. In this sale Phillips are selling no fewer than 2,000 ancient Valentine cards which together could fetch at least £500. The collection has been on display in various parts of Britain during the last few years and its dispersal should prove a highly remarkable affair. Just think what we have all been missing as hiding our schoolday blushes we flipped those gaudy hearts into the waste-paper basket. Willed to one's grandson they might have even become subject to death duties. But then you have to be an exceptional person to receive 2,000 valentines

Ceramics and works of art at Puttick & Simpson's. 11 am

English and Continental furniture, porcelain and works of art, Eastern carpets and rugs at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 11 am

Pictures at Bonham's. 11 am

Household furniture and effects at Bonham's. Old Chelsea Galleries. 11 am

WED 27 APRIL

18th and 19th century drawings and paintings at Sotheby's. 11 am and 2.30 pm. This sale contains works by Rowlandson, Russell-Flint, Morland and Munnings

Fine jewels at Christie's. 11 am

Rugs and carpets at Bonhams. 11 am

Antiques at the Motcomb Galleries. 11 am and 2.30 pm

Silver and jewellery at Puttick & Simpson's. 11 am

THURS 28 APRIL

English and Continental silver and plate at Sotheby's. 11 am

English and Continental furniture, objects of art, Eastern rugs and carpets at Christie's. 11 am

Fine printed books and manuscripts at Christie's. 11 am

Fine furs and fur coats at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 11 am. Your last chance to sell an outdated fur before the end of the season

Objects of art and paintings at Harrods

Antique and modern furniture at Bonham's. 11 am

Paintings by Old and Modern Masters at Bonham's. 11 am

ADDRESSES & VIEWING TIMES

Bonham & Sons Ltd, Montpelier Galleries, Montpelier Street, SW7 (KNI 9161) – at least three days before sale

Christie, Manson & Woods Ltd, 8 King Street, SW1 (TRA 9060) – at least three days before sale

Glendining & Co, 7 Blenheim Street, W1 (GRO 8541) – at least two days before sale

Harmer Rooke & Co Ltd, 2 Arundel Street, WC2 (TEM 7941) – at least three days before sale

Harrods Estate Offices, 32 Hans Crescent, SW1 (KEN 1490) – at least two days before sale

Motcomb Galleries, 19 Motcomb Street, SW1 (BEL 3636) – at least two days before sale

Puttick & Simpson Ltd, 7 Blenheim Street, W1 (GRO 8541) – at least two days before sale

Sotheby & Co, 24 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 7242) – at least two days before sale

penny haworth

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GOOD EATING

A romantic, candlelit nook, the recently opened Keats in Hampstead with two of its proprietors, Leslie Linder and Bernard Hanison. Late talkers note – the kitchen is open to midnight.

"London is probably a wasted place for music and good cabaret," said the man who has personally lost £50,000 proving it. "It's very expensive to run; the only top cabaret artists are American, and they cost £1,000 a week. And you don't get enough support. So many people just want to drop in to listen, spend maybe only 25 bob."

And that, as Leslie Linder found when he opened the Cool Elephant 15 months ago, just isn't enough.

"I burned my fingers so badly," says Linder, a burly bearded ex-paratrooper who goes for keep-fit runs on Hampstead Heath every morning. *Talks of the Towns* seem to do all right, but – "an intimate room just doesn't pay."

So after a variety of elephantine experiences in the nosh business – Linder has run the White, Cool, Crazy and Little Elephants – he is moving back into his original business: film agency. "That's where I really made my money," he says.

It was in that business that Linder, who is married to actress Dorothy Alison, was the first to sign up Sean Connery, who has since scored such success with Bondage.

As a last gesture to the London restaurant scene, Leslie Linder is associated with Hampstead's newest eating-place: beautifully décored, candlelit Keats, named after the poet (he lived near by), who once coated his tongue with cayenne pepper in order to experience the delight of cooling it off with claret. I rather like Keats, who wrote:

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is – Love forgive us! – cinders, ashes, dust.

I take that to mean that food, etc, helps the love feast along.

Leslie Linder, whose major partners in the restaurant are publisher-turned-property magnate Bernard Hanison and building contractor Harold Deco, reckons that the trend is with him this time: "It's very much towards what we are doing here: comfortable, with interesting décor, an intesting price range. I think London in the last eight years has changed tremendously as an eating city." London lifers, he believes, "like to eat at leisure, to get away from that square box, to a place where there's no music, and where they can talk." They'll be able to talk late here: the kitchen will stay open to 12, and the restaurant will close when the last customer goes.

Linder plans to change the Keats menu every few months, so as to keep the place interesting for the regular clientele.

He will go so far as to hazard that West End eating may have to face more suburban competition in the future: "Every area should have a place where people can go to eat. We hope that the Keats will become the eating place for Chelsea-ites as well as for Hampstead-ites."

It is certainly comfortable, though perhaps a trifle too dark with only candles by which to read the books which decorate the walls.

But I must say that Leslie Linder is serving us cake—and then getting it back after we've eaten and paid for it, too (please don't take the imagery too literally). For he's founder and consultant to a health farm down in Sussex, called Grayshott Hall. Now, I ask you, for a restaurateur, even one who's about to return to film agenting, is that fair?

● Mario Gallati, who runs the Empress in Berkeley Street as well as the Caprice, has invited me to a luncheon party this Sunday (24 April) as part of his campaign for promoting the notion in London of Continental-style lunching-out on Sundays, *en famille*.

His point, with which I heartily agree, is that even though the way to man's heart is through his stomach, women prefer to by-pass the kitchen sink.

On the other hand, knowing how difficult I personally find it to get to cocktail parties before five o'clock on Sabbath afternoons, I make a point this week of including a few likely eateries that serve *throughout* the day.

For lunching out on Sundays may be lovely for mother and fun for the kids, but this daddy ain't gonna enjoy nuthin' if he can't get his beauty sleep first.

arthur pottersman

OPEN EVERY DAY

BLOOM'S, 90 Whitechapel High Street, E1 **(BIS 6001).** Golders Green Road, NW11 **(SPE 1338).** The East End restaurant is bigger and better known. Drive there (car park for patrons) or if you go by train get out at Aldgate East, exiting to High Street North Side. Only the Whitechapel place accepts reservations, which are advisable on Sundays. It's as well to take a really late lunch at the Golders' Green Bloom's, say between 4 and 5 pm, since earlier admission is often pretty difficult without long queueing. Both are open Monday to Thursday from 11 am right through to 10 pm, Friday 11-3, and Sunday from 11 am right through to 11.30 pm, serving all the time. No licence; bring your own – or they can usually send out – beer, etc. Most things are good: for example *gefilte* fish (better boiled, 3s 6d); chopped liver or chopped herring (2s 6d). Among soups try beetroot *borsht* (2s 6d), mixed chicken (4s) or *heimeshe* barley (2s 6d). Hot salt beef (7s 6d) is good, stuffed breast of veal (8s 6d) delicious, stuffed breast of lamb rather fatty (7s 6d). Roast leg of chicken (7s 6d) with stuffed neck (5s) is good and fattening indeed. Always sample some pickled cucumber, sweet and sour (1s 3d). Try to leave room for the *lockshen* pudding (2s 6d), which they serve with a little fruit juice, and is wonderfully light. Wash it all down with lemon tea (1s 6d), which Blooms' do beautifully – Jewish dietary laws forbid milk after meat. Bill for two – around 35s. No credit cards

CHEZ FRANCES, 17 New College Parade, NW3 **(PRI 2820).** Open every day, starting with breakfast at 9 am and serving through until midnight (Saturdays, when there is a cabaret in the evening and a cover charge of 2s 6d, until 1 am). A taster reports: The name is a little misleading. This restaurant is certainly Continental, but it's in the heart of German-Jewish refugee land (sometimes *angst* actually *is* Swiss Cottage) and from the tables around you will hear a pleasant babble of German intermingled with a dash of Hungarian. Not to worry; the English waitresses will make you very welcome and roast beef is invariably on. Proprietress Mrs Abisch, however, really excels with her German dishes – *kasseler rippchen*, *bratwurst* and similar delectations. Most remarkable of all are the prices – very modest for such an elegant little place. The *table d'hôte* lunch or dinner will feed two easily for one pound note. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners*

LA COLOMBINA D'ORO, 61 Dean Street, W1 **(REG 4150, 6875).** Open every day from 12-3 and 6 (Sundays 6.30) to 11.30. A simple, wonderful place, presided over with idiosyncratic benevolence by Signora Ideale Price. Start off with pasta (5s to 8s), paying especial regard to *spaghetti alla vongole*. If you can warn her in advance, ask for the *tortelloni alla panna* – small square pasta with cream, cheese and butter sauce. Various forms of chicken – *dorato e fritto* (14s 6d), *alla cacciatora* (13s 6d) and *diavolo – molto diavolo*, I warn you. Veal dishes, of course, but also pork – *braciola di maiale con polenta* (13s 6d) – delicately cooked with a variety of herbs. *Coghetino*, an Italian sausage served with white beans (12s 6d) is a most remarkable, very Tuscan dish. All meals, by the way, include vegetables. When Signora knows you a little, ask her in advance to prepare something special: her fish soups and trout are famous. Finish off with cheese (4s) or *crema caramella*, good, marked flavour for once (4s) or *zabaglione* (5s). And some freshly made eyeball-popping strong Italian coffee – *"molto bravo,"* says Signora. With a carafe of good wine at 20s ("only strangers buy the labelled bottles") and service at 10 per cent. added to your bill, expect to pay about £4 for two. No credit cards

EMPRESS, 15 Berkeley Street, W1 **(MAY 6126).** Sunday to Friday, 12.30-3 and 6.30-2 am. Saturday 6.30-2 am. But Mr Negri, the manager, tells me: "We like to give these times plenty of elasticity and we are prepared to serve our clients at any reasonable time." Very luxurious, very smooth service. In fact, it was first opened as a ladies' club in 1897 and after various adventures only became a public restaurant in 1961. A vast and international menu, from *grenouilles meunière* (half-dozen, 15s 6d) to *caneton Montmorency* (27s 6d). Vegetables range from 4s 6d to 9s 6d, with potatoes done 10 different ways. Most famous of all is the Empress's cold buffet – best in the world, some say. Wine list, as you might expect from the Caprice group, is large and expensive, but there's also carafe at 21s 6d. Don't expect to pay less than £7 if there are two of you. CREDIT CARDS: *American Express, Diners*

KEATS, 3 Downshire Hill, NW3 **(HAM 3544).** Dinner every night from 6.30-12; lunches Saturday and Sunday only 12.30-3. One of Ken Moore's best décors, in red and mauve, with everything else to match. He has taken immense pains, "scoured the antique shops" I'm told, to get knick-knacks that go with the genial 19th-century and Victorian backgrounds. Books line the walls, but it's really too dark (candles only) for reading. A bit too dark, anyway, I feel; it made *coq au vin*, for example, a bit fiddly. Banquette seats are terrifically comfortable – such a change from most *Chelsea* joints. And some good eavesdropping, too; "She's charmingly neurotic," was a particularly choice item the other evening. Food comes in three styles. Examples: *English*: smoked eels (8s 6d); whitebait (7s 6d); Cornish oxtail soup (4s 6d); jugged hare (10s 6d); roast beef (16s); grilled sole (16s). *American*: clam chowder (5s 6d), corn on the cob (3s); Southern fried chicken (12s 6d); hamburger (12s 6d). *French*: *moules marinières* (8s 6d); onion soup (4s 6d); artichokes (7s 6d); *coq au vin* (14s); *escalope* (14s); *tournedos Rossini* or *Marie Louise* (21s each). I found this restaurant's goodies among the best in town, partly because co-proprietor Leslie Linder is a sweets man. Three of us worked at five the other night between us: fresh fruit salad (5s 6d), whose excellence may be summed up by the fact that the grapes were depipped; *pot au marron* (6s 6d); chocolate soufflé (5s 6d), which is first-rate; lemon sorbet, and a most unusual grapefruit sorbet (4s 6d) which imprints its taste on the tongue at the very moment of melting away. Coffee is 2s, and although it's not on the menu, gentle pressure will produce lemon tea as well, for which I raise a big cheer. Some pleasant house wines at 15s the carafe. Expect to pay £2 10s to £4 for two. No credit cards, but they will provide cheque forms

SCHMIDT'S, 41 Charlotte Street, W1 **(MUS 0723).** Open every day of the year, from 12-10.30 pm. In general there's really no need to book, as the restaurant can seat over 500 people, but family parties of five and upward may be advised to take no chances on Sundays. This is German eating, from the *kalbshaxe* (knuckle of veal) to the *kasseler rippchen*: huge quantities, splendid value for money, with most main dishes between 5s and 8s 6d. A disarming menu, with Heinz tomato soup acknowledged on an early line. For the sweets, note especially *windbeutel* with whipped cream, which is simply cream bun with cream – only the Germans could think up that one; and take the pancakes, jam or lemon, which are half the price and only slightly smaller than the *palatschinken* – also pancake, but folded differently. Good German beer. Fast service most days. Pleasantly sombre pinewood décor. Easily under 10s a head

YOUNG'S CHINESE RESTAURANT, 13-15 West Street, WC2 **(TEM 2322).** Open every day from 12 through to 12, with dinner-dancing upstairs (no trousers for ladies last time I was there) from 8 pm to 2 am Monday to Saturday. I especially recommend for Sunday lunch a meal beloved of Young's many Chinese customers – always a good sign: Chinese pastries, steamed like puddings, served up to 5 pm. They are mainly savoury, filled with meat or prawns, but there are some sweet ones, too. Cost: 2s 6d to 5s a portion, so 10 or 12 bobs' worth should do you well, with a bit of rice added on if you're likely to be hungry. I always recommend China tea with Chinese food; Young's is 1s per pot per person. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

NB: Any Sunday restaurant worthy of inclusion here should serve half-portions for children. The Empress, for instance, does so as a matter of course. At Bloom's they can provide high chairs, too. At Chineseries, naturally, just order less. Write to me in case of unhelpfulness, and I'll effect improvements where I can

AROUND TOWN

CHEZ SOLANGE, 35 Cranbourn Street, WC2 **(TEM 0542/5886).** Sound French cooking – Len Deighton says it's the best bourgeoise cuisine in London. Open Monday to Saturday 12-3 and 5.30-12. There's very little elbow-room, especially upstairs, but the waitresses combine charm with efficiency. Recommended: *hors d'oeuvres variés* (7s 6d), *Choux fleurs en salade* (4s 6d), *potage de legumes* (3s 6d). I am told the scampi (four styles, all 13s 6d) have been enjoyed often. The *coq au vin* fills you, and they are proud of that (13s 6d). *Cote de veau grille* (11s 6d) is also good. Vegetables are extra, but once again salad often suffices. Among the sweets, *meringue Chantilly* (lots of lovely cream, 6s 6d) and the *omelette confiture* (5s 6d) both contrive to be light, too. Coffee (2s) is undistinguished. Some good wines around £1 a bottle. Essential to book. Average bill: £4. CREDIT CARDS: *Diner's, American Express*

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GOOD DRINKING

When I was first introduced to the iniquities of the demon drink – and stopped writing tracts for a temperance lodge – I was advised to begin my drinking experience with something innocuous and mild. It proved to be a newish drink called lager and lime. The hardened sage who recommended it told me: "You might as well start with this. It's not too lethal . . . and it won't be around long."

He was wrong, but didn't know it. Nor did I know my contribution to drink consumption at that time was to prove part of a changing pattern over the next decade or so. But as the British palate fluctuates, I found, the men whose business it is to cater for it consistently entice us with new drinks.

We have now run the gamut of lager and lime, light ale and lime, somewhat warped addition to whisky and brandy, gin and vodka. If drinking goes in seasons, we're in for a glut of new drinks.

One, described as "the new trendsetting drink for 1966," was launched in London last week. It is Bessenrood Black Gin, produced in Holland, and introduced to Britain by a Chelsea firm.

Before Christmas, a test sampling of the drink was staged in London. One thousand drinkers tried it, and their reaction was studied before the sales campaign was plotted. Among the ingredients are blackcurrant, lemonade shandy, cucumber slice, lemon and mint.

Grands Celliers de France have also been introducing a new range of drinks for London: four new French wines, under the name Fleur de France. Corbieres du Roussillon, is a full-bodied red wine from the Pyrenees. The rose, Cotes du Ventoux, has been produced in the Vaucluse area of the middle Rhone. All four will retail at 13s 6d.

● Once there was a war. It ended close on 21 years ago. But call at any chi-chi pub or hotel bar, particularly on a Sunday lunchtime, and you'll find the inveterate regulars boring everyone but themselves with graphic detail of how they beat the Jerry and the Jap. In their off-white slacks, patterned shirts and Paisley scarves, they boom their boasts about the bar, draw in their paunches, and occasionally pause to chuck their once-lovely women 'neath the chin.

The Army squaddy, you'll find, has promoted himself to Major or Colonel over the years, the RAF radar tech has become a Group Captain or Wing Commander. They are my pet Sunday drinking hate.

john mcleod

Mrs Frances Douglas, barmaid at The Chandos.

SPANISH BAR, THE CHANDOS, St Martin's Lane, WC2. TEM 2592. Intimate cellar, where the Spanish atmosphere is restrained. Popular starting point with couples delving into the West End . . . but many stay on, particularly on Tuesday to Friday evenings, when there's dancing to the El Trio Lorca group. In winter, try their home-mulled wine at 3s 6d a glass. All year round, relax and hold hands and savour the atmosphere and service

L'APERITIF BAR, CHARING CROSS HOTEL, Strand, WC2. TRA 7282. I wish I could say the same for this place. But the atmosphere is nil, with lots of mirror and polished wood behind the bar. And the service, when I called with guests, was atrocious. Without saying anything, the barman made it clear he favoured regulars only, he peremptorily told us we would have to wait – when he wasn't ignoring our orders – and kept us without drinks as he noisily chatted with other customers. Just not good enough

● Mr Michael Curtis, resident manager of the hotel, says the barman is one of the best, a popular character and personality

THE BRITANNIA, Brewers Lane, Richmond. RIC 2107. When Lance Southall retired from flying with the RAF, he decided to try a new career. He chose the pub game, to the delight of the Richmond regulars he has attracted to his 400-year-old house. He and his wife, Hazel, have built up an intriguing lunchtime trade . . . and you'll see soberside executives and matronly ladies from businesses round Richmond Green slip in for, they think, a couple of sly quickies.

BUFFET BAR, Sloane Square Underground. Fascinating, absolutely fascinating, to watch thirsty commuters dive from District and Circle Line trains and pack the tiny bar for a few more before jolting homewards. If you sit near the door, you can watch your trains go by . . . until you know it's time to hustle again and try to appease your wife

NOCTURNE BAR, Cumberland Hotel, Marble Arch, W1. AMB 1234. Popular rendezvous, ideal for laying the foundations for a romantic evening. Acceptably plush – it cost £21,000 to install about 18 months ago – and the service is sheer delight. Transatlantic style, naturally, for a hotel with a big American tourist turnover

THE PRINCE OF WALES, 274 Holloway Road, N7. HOR 3743. If you're trekking through the Holloway hinterland, drop in for a dram. Two big bars, with two big, blazing coal fires giving the cheer touch in the saloon section. Service is quiet, but quick, and on the odd evening, the pounding piano gives the place that old London pub atmosphere

SPREAD EAGLE, 8 Woodstock Street, W1. MAY 5519. Lunchtime food service, and relaxing, after-the-office spot for people working in and around Oxford Street. Convenient meeting place to start a night out, but beware the tantalising Doubles Bar upstairs if you want to move on to a movie or theatre

NIGHT LIFE

FIRST FIVE: 1 Scotch of St James. 2 Annie's Room. 3 Dolly's. 4 Annabel's. 5 Pair of Shoes.

Apart from the glamour and 'arty' facts of the people in the film world I suppose I most admire the resourcefulness they display. Film people are never lost for words, and only occasionally stuck for a solution. I was on hand to witness a classic demonstration of what the army would term first-rate Officer qualities the other night when a film company decided to do their damnedest to launch a lukewarm film with a rush of boiling-hot publicity.

Spearhead of the plan was a buxom covey of actresses, code named for the exercise "Slaygirls" but in fact all in possession of names just like other girls. The plan was dastardly simple and therefore most likely to succeed. Columbia Pictures wanted their six lissom things to meet six not quite so lissom things from Britain's Press. They suggested their six hot-selling points be squired around our great international Capital by six journalists, chaperoned, of course, by Columbia types.

Initial confrontation was scheduled for drinks before dinner in Stone's Chop House,

Rod Harrod, host of the Scotch Club, has left and is seeking pastures new.

Leicester Square. That was fine except some of the Press were engaged on another story so they arrived rather later than their guests, muttering asides like "Back Page Splash" and "Have you got threepence for the phone?" However, introductions were made and the party sat down to eat. The girls, with a proper sense of respect for our historic town, seemed delighted with the very English menu. Delighted except for one who ordered Steak and Kidney pudding and seemed surprised it didn't resemble lemon sorbet.

Still, with six foreign girls in a strange town you must expect things like that, the chaperones winced and smiled bravely on. From Stones the party drove to Annie's Room. One or two of the girls thought it a strange locale for a club, but then if you're weaned on the Sunset Strip I suppose Covent Garden market does look a bit "folksy," but that's part of our charm, isn't it? Anyway there was so much going on in Annie's Room the Slaygirls began to look slightly stunned, the chaperones relaxed a little and, finally, everyone went home. Oh, by the way, the Slaygirls are appearing with Dean Martin in *The Silencers*, a spy spoof comedy and I'm really quite glad I went to see it, if only to recognise the girls on film.

But that's where I came in, remarking how resourceful those film people can be.

john viner

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

ALLEGRO, Bury Street, St James's, SW1 (WHI 6767). 8.30 pm-2.30 am. Cabaret 12.30 am. Dinner £2 7s 6d. *Entertainment:* Dancing to 3 bands, cabaret with Roger Whittaker

ASTOR, Berkeley Square, W1 (GRO 2366). 10 pm-4 am. Closed Sun. One-hour cabaret, 1 am. Annual membership 1 guinea. No entrance fee but minimum food charge £1 1s. Whisky and gin 5s a measure. *Entertainment:* Two bands, cabaret. Lena Storm, The Islanders, Tau Moe Family, Chris Rayburn, Denvil and Marcia, Ray and Gillian Burns

L'HIRONDELLE, Swallow Street, Piccadilly, W1 (REG 0362). 6 pm-4 am; 12-3 pm lunch. Shows at 2 pm, 10.30 pm, 1.30 am. Three-course dinner, dance, show, 55s (Sat £3). Wine about £2-£2 10s; whisky 4s 6d a measure. *Entertainment:* Floorshow, two bands, hostesses. Currently: Cheryl St Claire, Bob Cole

MURRAY'S CABARET CLUB, Beak Street, Regent Street, W1 (GER 4623 and 3241). 8 pm to 4 am. Dancing till 1 am. Breakfast from 1 am to 4 am. Membership 1 guinea annually. Entrance fee 30s. *A la carte* menu about £2 per head plus wine. Breakfast 12s 6d. Hostess service at 1 guinea for each girl joining the party. Wines at various prices. Whisky £5 19s 6d bottle. Measure 4s. 10 per cent. service charge. Dancing to two bands. Floor-show "Moonlight and Dew" at 10 pm and 1 am

OMAR KHAYYAM, 50 Cannon Street, EC4 (CIT 2660 and 7363). Midday to 3 pm and 6 pm to 2 am. No membership fee *A la carte* menu about £2 per head, plus wines. Service charge 10 per cent. Drinks – sold by miniature – whisky 8s 6d. Middle Eastern and Continental menu with selection of 30 to 35 *hors d'oeuvres*. *Entertainment:* Dancing 8 pm to 2 am. Cabaret and Belly Dancing at 9.30 pm and 12 pm. No parking problems in the City at night

SHOWBOAT, Lyons' Corner House, Trafalgar Square, WC2 (WHI 2781). 8.30 pm to 1 am. Closed Sun. Lavish floor-show at 10.30 to 11.40 pm. No membership, cover or admission charge, 3-course dinner 37s 6d per head plus wines. Dancing from 8.30 pm to 10.30 pm and 11.40 pm to 1 am. Currently: "Exotica" with Barry Kent, Patricia Michaels, Mike Newman

DINNER & DANCE

BEACHCOMBER, Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 7777). 5.30 pm-1.30 am. Minimum charge 30s a head in the restaurant. No entrance fee to bar. Dinner from 6.30 pm-midnight, average £2 to £2 10s a head. Cocktails from 7s. Wines from 21s to £3. *Entertainment:* Three bands from 8 pm-1.30 am. Three vocalists

LA DOLCE VITA, 10 Frith Street, W1 (GER 3814). Midday-3 pm; 6 pm-1.30 am. Sun till 12.30 am. La Taverna closed Mon. *A la carte* dinner in the restaurant £1 minimum. Dinner dancing in La Taverna 32s 6d; Sat 35s. *Entertainment:* Guitar, accordion music and Neapolitan singer in the main restaurant. Dancing nightly except Mon in La Taverna

GATTOPARDO, 29a James Street, W1 (WEL 4689 and 4649). Midday-3 pm lunch aprox 30s a head including wine. 7 pm-3 am dinner approx 50s a head including cover charge and wine. Closed Sun. No service charge. Dancing till 3 am to Frank Holder's music. Licensed till 3 am

RIVER CLUB, 129 Grosvenor Road, SW1 (VIC 1621). 5.30 pm-2 am approx. 8 guineas London member, 5 guineas provincial members, 10s 6d cover charge, 42s 6d set dinner. Resident Calypso band. Roof garden with bar. Casino on ground floor

DISCOTHEQUES

CLUB EUROPA, 251 Finchley Road, NW3 (HAM 5437). 8 pm till midnight. Strictly European club. Closed Mon. Membership 1 guinea men, 10s ladies. Entrance fee from 3s 6d weekdays to 8s 6d weekends. Drinks at pub prices. No food. Licensed till 11 pm

DOWNSTAIRS, May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 7777). 10.30 pm-2.30 am. No membership. Entrance 10s (Sat £1). Includes free snacks, sandwiches, etc. Double whisky 7s, gin 6s 6d, champagne £2 5s. 3 bands

FANNY'S BISTRO, 51 Maddox Street, W1 (MAY 6214). 7.30 pm till 3 pm. Non-membership cover charge 2s 6d. Minimum charge 1 guinea which includes light supper dish and 4 drinks. Full *à la carte* dinner menu. Drinks at pub prices

SADDLE ROOM, 7 Hamilton Place, W1 (GRO 4994). 10 pm to 5 am except Sunday. Membership £1 2s 6d (membership temporarily closed). Entrance and first drink £1, subsequent drinks 3s 6d. Short grills menu about 15s to £1 a head. *Entertainment:* discothèque, dancing, two fruit machines

GAMING

BLENHEIM, 4 Blenheim Street, W1 (HYD 2071). Midday-3 pm; 5.30 pm onwards. Bar closes at 11 pm. Membership compulsory 1 guinea. Mainly poker and a little blackjack, one table. Limits 2s 6d till midnight and 5s afterwards. Sandwich machine, food can be brought in

COLONY, Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 1657). Open for medium-priced lunch midday to 3 pm. Gaming starts at 2 pm and closes when play ends. Membership, 2 guineas a year. American roulette, blackjack, craps, chemi-baccarat. Stakes vary from 2s to £100. Licensed restaurant, *à la carte* menu approximately £2 a head plus wine. Orchestra. Dancing from 9 pm till 3 am. Licensed till 3 am

FIVE HUNDRED SPORTING CLUB, 42 Albemarle Street, W1 (HYD 0287). Open 24 hours. Membership 1 guinea. Restaurant for inexpensive meals. Licensed till midnight. Luxurious intimate atmosphere. French roulette, blackjack, chemin de fer, poker. Stakes vary from 2s 6d to £50. Racing facilities

NEW CASANOVA, 52 Grosvenor Street, W1 (MAY 1463). Opens 10 pm. Membership 2 guineas a year. Backgammon, blackjack, roulette and chemin de fer, craps table. Minimum stake about 10s

THE VICTORIA SPORTING CLUB, 150/162 Edgware Road, W2 (AMB 2467). 2 pm-5 am. Membership £3 a year. Table fees. Baccarat, backgammon, bridge, blackjack, chemin de fer, dice, gin rummy, kalooki, poker, roulette. Minimum stakes from 5s to £1, maximum from £50 to £600. Restaurant and bar

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BUDGET BOUTIQUES CATCH ON OUT OF TOWN

Boutiques, boutiques, and yet more boutiques – but this time it's not London (anyway there just isn't enough room!). Every time a new London one opens, the general reaction is "not another one," so this one very sensibly is in the perimeter area – at Godalming in Surrey. Joyce and Bernard Maisel, who will run it, already own another one of the same name, called Tina Trent. The first TT is already Dorking's top fashion house, selling clothes from all over the world. Other boutiques in the fast-expanding Maisel chain are Trio in Dorking High Street, which sells budget fashion, and the Just Junior boutique for children. This newest one will incorporate the Gateways Boutique which was there before, and is situated in a beautiful Georgian-fronted house with white and gold décor.

This décor is the same as the Dorking TT, which looks so lush that people say "I wouldn't go in there – it looks too expensive." But they're wrong, the clothes aren't all expensive. Some are, but mostly you get high fashion clothes at moderate prices; for example, dresses at 79s 11d, suits for 8 guineas and coats at 9 guineas, as well as some much higher-priced clothes.

Both Tina Trents cater for women who want to dress exclusively. They have a West End designer who works solely for them, and their hats are also exclusive. Alterations are done on the premises at a moderate price for the woman who is not stock size. Knitwear for the spring comes from France, Portugal, Italy, suèdes from Britain and Sweden, and other clothes from Austria, Israel and Hong Kong, France, Italy, Sweden and Denmark as well as Britain. Fashion shows are being held to celebrate the opening of the newest boutique at the Burford Bridge Hotel on 20 April at 3 pm and 8 pm. Proceeds will go to Woodcote, an old people's home in Dorking.

DISCS

FIRST FIVE: 1 Aftermath, Rolling Stones (Decca LK 4786). 2 Rebellion, Dominic Behan (Pye NPL 18139). 3 Jazz Couriers, Ronnie Scott, etc (Music For Pleasure MFP 1072). 4 Memorial, Django Reinhardt (Vogue VRL 3020). 5 The Best Of Timi Yuro, Timi Yuro (Liberty LBY 1290).

One of the most enduring mysteries of the disc world is whether the pop charts can be "fixed," whether it's possible to buy a record into the Top 20 or 50.

Naturally enough, spokesmen for the four pop musical weeklies scoff at the idea. They are completely frank about their method of compiling the charts, which for each of them consists of taking a sample of retailers' returns, and translating this into a popularity chart. They say there is no question – and I agree – of anyone being able to affect or distort the returns once these have been received in the counting office.

Nevertheless, there are stories of men – or perhaps one man – going round the Denmark Street and Wardour Street offices offering to sell the list of addresses of retailers from which the charts are compiled. The price quoted (over the telephone, so there was no way of checking its validity) to both a music publisher friend and an agent friend, was £100 for the addresses used by one pop paper.

Henry Mancini this week should achieve a record quarter of a million dollars profit for "Moon River"

Now however inaccurate this list, it is an attractive bargain for anyone anxious to get a disc off the ground – as much as £3,000 is spent on some advertising, publicity and promotion campaigns to launch a new singer.

For one thing, the charts are self-perpetuating. Once the name of a record is there, retailers make the assumption that there is a demand for it. So they put in orders, which they then push at customers in order not to lose money.

For another, once a record is in the charts, it is much easier to get it accepted on the plug circuit of radio and television producers, most of whom need some evidence of public demand before sticking their necks out.

Once this process is under way and a record reaches the top 20, nothing can be – or need be – done to speed it on its way. But sales of records between, say, numbers 40 and 50 in the charts are so small that even one freak return might be enough to affect the sample.

The trouble is that any other system is prohibitively expensive. It would mean auditing the sales returns of a large number of widely spaced shops. One newspaper which wanted to produce a chart in this way found it would cost at least £1,500 a week for the top 20 only.

leonard levesley

RECORD REVIEW BY ANITA HARRIS

The Jazz Stylings of Anita O'Day. (Verve. VLP 9125)
I had the distinction of sharing the same hairdresser in Hollywood (follow that!). This is a fabulous, faultless record. LP of the month without doubt. She has a style which is not only individual but completely original. You've never heard *Georgia Brown* like this by anyone else. It's not just her voice, but a new look she brings to the phrasing of her treatments. This LP is a collection of her best waxings dating right back to 1956. For *Jazz On A Summer's Day* fans, there is the famous Tea for Two, so this is a good buy

Shhhh . . . . . Talent Strikes Again. The Morgan James Duo. (Philips. BL 7702)
The duo record for Philips, who have in their exploitation department Tony Mansell, ex of the Polka-Dots. He must be going raving mad plugging this left right and centre, because it's his kind of music. I've just worked with these two handsome brutes, on the Tommy Cooper Show (coming up on ABC TV soon), nice nice people. This is one for the Annies Room crowd, full of ooblee-oos and scat. I think a better balance in the box would have led to a tighter sound between Peter, Colin and the great backings by Laddie Busby, but never mind. This is a very original record. It's not everybody's taste, but contains the Pussy-Cat song

The Wonderful World of Antonio Carlos Jobim. (Warner Brothers. W 1611)
Nelson Riddle's arrangements are really marvellous and on this record he has excelled himself. The voice collapses into the arrangements which is helpful. ACJ is not exactly Brazil's answer to Frank Sinatra. Who cares. He has written all the songs himself and he sings like a song-writer, with an intense feeling for his own work which makes blue-moody late-night listening. I commend it to David Carter and David Hatch for their *Late Night Extra* Show

I Got You (I Feel Good). James Brown. (Pye International. NPL 28074)
Electric Mr Brown has been served with the worst record cover of the century, but sings on with a sort of happy disregard I feel would still be there if he was in the middle of the gun-fight of the OK Corral. Party LP of the month

The Toys. (Stateside. SL 10175)
Another horrid cover. For me they have to keep all their numbers up-tempo as their voices are just not strong enough to sustain a ballad. *Yesterday* for example is a joke (the arrangement is pretty hilarious too). Nice to hear *Lover's Concerto* again though

Lou Christie Strikes Again. (Colpix. PXL 551)
If you buy this one you don't need to bother with James Brown or the Toys. The sounds of both are there on one track or another. Another "sound" record, all the chat on the back about his great voice is all very well, except that the tracks on which you can actually separate his voice from all the other stuff are few and far between. Favourite track is *Make Summer Last Forever*, and as the plugs on my car are highly susceptible to the damp I heartily agree with that

Lollipops and Roses. The Waikikis. (Pye International. NPL 28072)
Just the LP for Jim of the Islands, the Hawaiian tourist office, and the British Travel Association. You, if you're a sucker for a steel guitar. Make sure to listen under a sun lamp

Big Band Europe. (Pye International. NPL 28073)
The sleeve notes state that through the windows of the recording studio the forbidding shape of the Berlin Wall could be seen clearly by all the musicians. After a statement like that any criticism from me is clearly superfluous

Funny Girl. (Capitol. W2059)
Anyone who saw Madam's TV show must be big fans and A Harris is at the head of the queue. The LP of *Funny Girl* is not in the same class. Recorded in 1964, Streisand has obviously improved beyond recognition from the time of this recording. Even *People* seems lacking in the excitement which it had when she sang it on TV. By the time this goes into print I will have seen the show and I am sure that on stage, in context, the electricity that has everyone talking will come across. The LP of '64 is frankly a bit dreary. Maybe they should re-record. The music is by Jule Styne, who has been quoted as saying that all British musicals are Nyecht! After hearing this, his scorers are not exactly anything to write home about

TELEVISION

FIRST FIVE: 1 A Date With The Seekers (30 April, ITV, 11.45 pm). 2 Golden Earrings with Marlene Dietrich (1 May, BBC-1, 7.25 pm). 3 No Hiding Place (2 May, ITV, 8 pm). 4 The Defenders (2 May, BBC-1, 8 pm). 5 The Trial, Orson Welles film (6 May, BBC-2, 8 pm)

Tony Garnett could win, in a stroll, any contest for the title of Least Likely Member Of BBC Staff. Talking with a defiant Brummagem twang, he declares himself "a working-class yobbo . . . first of the free-milk generation." Whatever his generation, Garnett is very much the New BBC Man, one of the enthusiastic, Carnaby-styled freebooters making their names as iconoclasts and innovators who also attract big audiences.

Now, only two years after entering Television Centre as a story editor, he has been given a great opportunity – mouth-watering or spine-chilling, according to one's optimism or lack of it. Starting next autumn, he will produce no fewer than six, and possibly 13, television plays for the BBC-1 Wednesday Play slot. As a story editor, he was concerned in a number of successes, including the prestige laden "Nigel Barton" plays. But this will be his first fling as a producer.

Garnett joined the Corporation "almost by accident." After acting in an early Troy Kennedy Martin play, *Incident At Echo Six* (covering the Cyprus troubles) he wrote hot-headed letters about television drama. It was then suggested that he talked a good fight, but might not do as well in practice.

"That's an unanswerable argument. You've got to decide whether to be a Harold Wilson or a Michael Foot," he says.

Without claiming a landslide majority in his own field, Garnett does have strong and fluent theories about television. He believes: "Viewers are immensely sophisticated, visually, and I'm not talking about with-it camera work. For years now they've been watching a variety show, an announcer, a political broadcast, a comedy episode, and then a newsreel of kids being burnt to death in Vietnam.

"So on one hand we have been under-estimating the audience, and on the other, going way above them. Basically, I want to get serious dramas by the best possible writers."

At 30, he has packed in a vast amount of experience; "defecting to rep from grammar school" he later read psychology at University College, London, went on to television acting, and finally roared into the BBC.

peter magnus

Replacements are being considered for "Thank Your Lucky Stars." But BBC's "Juke Box Jury" is set until at least the end of the year.

Steve Forrest in action as the new TV hero "The Baron." Sunday's episode is called "Red Horse, Red Rider."

WEEKEND VIEWING

SATURDAY 23 APRIL

Grandstand. Racing from Lannock; show jumping from Badminton; tennis championships from Bournemouth; Rugby League Cup semi-final. BBC-1

Buckskin Frontier is the evening Western, starring Richard Dicks, Lee J Cobb, Jane Wyatt and Albert Dekker. Set in the 1860s, the stage coach companies were determined to stop the advent of the new rail roads and the rivalry is heightened when the Missouri Central start building on their routes. BBC-1

Margo Henderson and Victor Seaforth are guest stars on the Black & White Minstrel Show. BBC-1

Dick Van Dyke Show, a comedy film series with Dick Van Dyke, Mary Tyler Moore, Morey Amsterdam, Rose Marie and Larry Mathews. BBC-1

The Long Cocktail Party is a Ned Sherrin production of songs of the 30s. Written by Caryl Brahms, the numbers are arranged by Gillian Lynne (of *The Matchgirls*) and Jan Colet. Songs are sung by Millicent Martin, Elisabeth Welch, David Kernan and the George Mitchell Singers. Spoken by John Wood

Visconti's *Censo,* an Italian film set in the risorgimento period and starring Farley Granger and Alida Valli. Venetian patriots are conspiring against the hatred occupation rule of the Austrians. BBC-2

Natural History programme on spiders. BBC-2

Last episode of the weekly *Mild and Bitter* with Eric Merriman and Peter Jones. BBC-2

World of Sport: Target golf from Totteridge, racing from Sandown and professional wrestling from York. ITV, 1.0 pm

Burt Lancaster stars in the evening Western called *Vengeance Valley* with Joanne Dru and Robert Walker. All his life, Lee Strobie, no-good son of a wealthy Colorado cattleman, has been protected by his foster-brother, Owen. But brother turns against brother when the situation is finally brought to a climax. ITV, 7.10 pm

Julie Rogers and the folk group The Countrymen are guest stars on the Arthur Haynes Show. ITV, 8.35 pm

Sergeant Cork. John Barrie, William Gaunt and Charles Morgan in *The Case of the Missing Cabinet Maker.* Albert Quigg, a cabinet maker, cheats his workers of their wages. Soon after, Sergeant Cork is called in to investigate Quigg's mysterious disappearance. ITV, 9.10 pm

ABC Armchair Theatre is called *The Walls Came Tumbling Down,* by Nicholas Salaman. A downtrodden clerk in a mail-order firm goes berserk and applies a rubber stamp saying "Seen and Approved" to the typist's panties. Stars are Ronald Fraser, Robert Lang (of the National Theatre), Norman Bird and William Mervyn. ITV, 10.15 pm

Third episode of *A Date With The Seekers.* ITV, 11.45 pm

SUNDAY 24 APRIL

Stanley Baker stars in the afternoon film *A Hill in Korea* with George Baker, Harry Andrews, Michael Bedwin, Ronald Lewis and Stephen Boyd. It is a British film set in the Korean War. A British army patrol is cut off from their line by the Chinese Army. BBC-1

Susan Slept Here is the title of the evening film with Debbie Reynolds and Dick Powell. Before his death, Dick Powell was a song-and-dance man and in this film plays a Hollywood script-writer who falls in love with an attractive but delinquent girl sent by two policemen to spend Christmas with him. BBC-1

Sunday Night programme profiles the Italian director Visconti. Excerpts are taken from his films; he is shown at work in Rome, Vienna and London directing the *Cherry Orchard,* Verdi's *Don Carlo, Falstaff* in Vienna and *Dev Rosenkavalier* at Covent Garden. Giulini, Georg Solti and Leonard Bernstein can also be heard. Riccardo Aragno talks to Visconti throughout the programme. BBC-1

Kenneth More, Michael Forrest and Ken Wynne appear in *Final Demand* on Theatre 625. The hero has decided to retire from his community – he cuts off his telephone, refuses to pay any bills, loses his wife and stops the newspapers. A thief breaks into the house looking for a hiding place. A strange relationship develops and the situation is complicated by the arrival of a salesman trying to sell vacuum cleaners. BBC-2

The Present Stage is an adult education series which takes an informative look at the contemporary theatre. This week David Jones of the Royal Shakespeare Company takes the second part of *Look Back in Anger,* by John Osborne, answers some of the criticisms and explains the theme. ITV, 1.45

The Opinion Makers. This week Alastair Hetherington, editor of the *Guardian,* is interviewed by Lord Francis-Williams. ITV, 2.15

Thank Your Lucky Stars is in a new slot on the London Network. Appearing are Joe Brown, Russ Conway, the Overlanders and Jimmy Wilson. ITV, 3.30

Afternoon film stars Peter Finch, Kay Kendall, Muriel Pavlow, Hubert Gregg, Maurice Denham and Ian Carmichael in *Simon and Laura.* It is a romantic comedy about the ideal married couple, or so it seems to viewers of their TV series, but what happens behind the scenes is another story. ITV, 4.0

Steve Race introduces *A Date with Music,* a programme on contemporary music of the 20th century which includes Benjamin Britten, Herbert Howells and Herbert Murrill. ITV, 6.35

Weekly Baron Series is sub-titled *Red Horse, Red Rider,* with Steve Forrest and guest stars Jane Merrow, Frank Wolff and Paul Ferris. A patriot of Khania, desperately in need of money for the rebel cause, plans to sell a valuable treasure. An urgent secret message is conveyed to the Baron, a message which has already been interrupted and read by the enemy. ITV, 7.25

Tarbuck at the Prince of Wales takes the place of the Palladium Show. Guest stars are Rockin Berries and Rich Little. ITV, 8.25

Jeff Chandler and Fess Parker star in *The Jay Hawkers.* Set in 1859, the territory of Kansas foreshadows American Civil War as Northerners, Southerners, Federal troops and outlaws battle in chaos. ITV, 9.25

SPORT

A year ago Mr Denis Howell, Minister for Sport blurted out that he thought British people should be able to play soccer all the year round. Splendid. If you're not a professional, how do you do it?

Last season a number of London's young publishers, actors, artists and writers formed their own football league. It has no name, so much do the players oppose officialdom. Yet the keenness displayed on the field would bring back the blood to the veins of those on the terraces at Highbury. Sometimes the referee (if there is one) takes a player's name, though what he does with it remains a puzzle.

The opening days of the first season were more noteworthy for what went on around the field of play rather than on it. Policemen raced up the wing in an endeavour to apprehend forwards and at one stage it appeared that more than one team would be filing out into the witness box at Bow Street the next week instead of on to the parched turf of Hyde Park.

But their troubles were not over. Suddenly, before the end of the official football season, the goal-posts disappeared. A nameless official in a shabby raincoat bleated that it was not his fault but "they" said it was finished.

Not to be outdone one of the teams, Battersea Park, arranged a game at Hyde Park with a team from the East End. That team guided by Mr Alfred Hinds had the ingenuity to bring their own goal-posts with them. These were implanted and produced in the same official something approaching an epileptic fit. It was bad enough playing football at all after "they" had decreed the season was over but to provide goal-posts and equip two teams with different coloured jerseys was something approaching High Treason. However, football continued in Hyde Park all last summer aided and abetted mainly by teams from Soho's Italian trattorias who had been driven by English officialdom from their usual pitches.

The same thing has happened again. On the weekend of 3 April the Hyde Park officials announced the season over and done with. At that time British professional league clubs still had eight matches to play. So what is Mr Howell going to do about it? It is all very well preaching one thing for political purposes but the Prime Minister has already announced that what this country needs is action not words. Would it be too much to hope for summer football facilities for ordinary mortals?

michael wale

The National Sporting Club celebrates its 75th anniversary this year. Jimmy Wilde was one of the champions who fought before its members in the earlier days.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

It is semi-final weekend in the FA Cup. Chelsea go to Villa Park, Birmingham, to meet Sheffield Wednesday and Manchester United play Everton. I will tempt fate (and the wrath of West London) by taking Wednesday to meet United in the Final at Wembley

First Division

Arsenal v Sunderland. Highbury. Sat 3 pm. (Piccadilly Line to Arsenal.) Just over 8,000 people turned up for recent match against West Bromwich, which is a public reflection of the mediocrity this season of the Gunners

Second Division

Charlton Athletic v Bury. The Valley. Sat 3 pm. (Trains to Charlton from Charing Cross or London Bridge.) Rejuvenated Charlton, and ironically it took 37-year-old Cliff Holton in the forward line to do it, should finally get free of relegation fears

Crystal Palace v Derby County. Selhurst Park Sat 3 pm. (Trains from Victoria to Thornton Heath.) Derby one of the Division's enigmas. They should have finished so much higher up the table

Leyton Orient v Coventry City. Brisbane Road. Sat 3 pm. (Central Line to Leyton.) Coventry are trying to get to First Division, Orient certain for Third Division. At least there will be one of the biggest crowds of the season at Brisbane Road. A suitable valedictory

Third Division

Brentford v Reading. Griffin Park. Sat 3 pm. (Piccadilly Line to South Ealing.) Brentford battle on to stay in Third Division. With a ground like Griffin Park they deserve success

Queen's Park Rangers v Gillingham. Loftus Road. Mon 7.30 pm. (Central Line to White City or Metropolitan Line to Shepherds Bush.) Rangers' battle for promotion continues

RUGBY UNION

Blackheath. Middlesex Sevens preliminary rounds. Rectory Field, Blackheath. Sat 3 pm. (Train to Lewisham Junction from Charing Cross, then bus 89 to Sun-in-the-Sands)

London Welsh. Sevens. Old Deer Park, Richmond. Sat 3 pm. (Trains from Waterloo to Richmond or District Line to Richmond. Turn right outside station then short walk)

HORSE RACING

Mixed meeting. Sandown Park. Fri, Sat 2 pm. (Trains from Waterloo to Esher.) Big race on Saturday: The Whitbread Gold Cup Steeplechase. 3 miles 5 furlongs. Arkle won it last year. This time the champion has a mere 12 stone. He will win if he runs. Otherwise Paddy Sleator has also entered Flyingbolt, also leniently handicapped at 11-10. On the flat Paddy Prendergast may bid for the Coronation Stakes (1¼ miles) with Carlemont

FLAT RACING

Alexandra Park. Mon. (Northern or Piccadilly Lines to Finsbury Park then buses 212, 233. Piccadilly Line to Wood Green then buses 217, 217a, 231.) Newmarket Spring Meeting. Tues, Wed, Thur 2 pm. (Special trains each day from Liverpool Street.) Big races Tues, Jockey Club Stakes, 1½ miles Wed, 2,000 Guineas, 3-year-old colts. 7 furlongs, First Classic race of the season. Thurs: 1,000 Guineas, 3-year-old fillies. 7 furlongs

GREYHOUND RACING

Big race of the week. Greyhound Grand National. 525 yards hurdles. White City. Sat. 7.30 pm (also racing on Thurs 7.30 pm). First Classic race of season. (Central Line to White City.) Good restaurant

Final of the Sportsview TV Trophy. 880 yards. Walthamstow. Tues. 7.45 pm (also racing on Sat 7.45 pm). Unofficial marathon Classic. (Buses 34, 58, 144 to Crooked Billet then short walk)

Harringay. Mon and Fri. 7.30 pm. (Piccadilly Line to Manor House)

Hendon. Mon and Fri. 7.45 pm. (Northern Line to Brent)

Stamford Bridge. Thurs 2.30 pm. Sat 6.15 pm. (District Line to Fulham Broadway, then short walk)

Wimbledon. Wed and Fri. 7.45 pm. (District Line to Wimbledon then express bus service.)

MOTOR RACING

Brands Hatch. Sun. 2.30 pm. BARC Clubman's car races. (Trains Victoria to Swanley)

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MISCELLANY

LUNCH HOUR

THURS 21 APRIL

Gordon Phillips (organ), All Hallows Berkyngechirche-by-the-Tower. 12.15 & 1.15
Play: *The Creditors*, Strindberg. Theatre-Scope, Little Theatre, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane, WC2. 5s with snacks. 12.15 & 1.15
Films: *Out of the Dark* and *The Empty Seat*. Science Museum. 12.30
Films: *18 On Steel* (Trinidad) and *Westland* (New Zealand). Commonwealth Institute, Kensington. 12.30 & 1.15
Lecture: A medieval gittern (guitar). British Museum. 1.0
Lecture Service. St Olave, Hart Street. 1.5
Lecture: Why Suffering? Rev Richard Harries. St Mary-le-Bow. 1.5
Martin Ellis (organ). St Botolph, Bishopsgate. 1.10
Community Hymn Singing. St Mary-at-Hill, Eastcheap. 1.15
Lecture: Art and the Papacy, Erica O'Donnell. Victoria & Albert Museum, Kensington. 1.15
Robert Smith (organ). St Bride, Fleet Street. 1.15

FRI 22 APRIL

Netball matches, Lincoln's Inn Fields. 12.0 & 1.0
Play: *The Creditors*, Strindberg. 5s with snacks. Theatre-Scope, Little Theatre, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane, WC2. 12.15 & 1.15
Records of Rachmaninov, Strauss, Weber, Schubert. The Former Council Chamber, Walworth Road, SE17. 12.30
Films: *18 On Steel* (Trinidad) and *Westland* (New Zealand). Commonwealth Institute, Kensington. 12.30 & 1.15
Anne Smith (piano), St Stephen, Walbrook. 12.30
Lecture: Mummy Portraits of Roman Egypt. British Museum. 1.0
Lecture: St Bartholomew's Hospital and its place in the Life of the City, Dr N Kerling. St Margaret Pattens, Eastcheap. 1.10
Records of Vaughan Williams and Bach. Holy Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct. 1.15
Films: *Out of the Dark* and *The Empty Seat*. Science Museum, Kensington. 1.15

MON 25 APRIL

Cordwainer and Bread Street Wards Foundation Service. St Mary Aldermary, Queen Victoria Street. 12.0
Tallow Chandlers Hall, Vintners Place, open to the public. Apply to Information Centre. 12.0 & 1.0
Play: *The Executioners*. 5s with snacks. Theatre-Scope, Little Theatre, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane, WC2. 12.15 & 1.15
Films: *Atlantic Region* (Canada) and *Diamond People* (Sierra Leone). 12.30 & 1.15
Dr Harold Darke (organ). St Michael's, Cornhill. 1.0
Lecture: Masterpieces of the Print Room. British Museum. 1.0
Records of Mozart, St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. 1.5
Lecture: Understanding the Old Testament. Rev Robinson. St Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street. 1.5
Music Club. St Mary-at-Hill, Eastcheap. 1.15

TUES 26 APRIL

Play: *The Executioners*. 5s with snacks. Theatre-Scope, Little Theatre, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane, WC2. 12.15 & 1.15
Leonard Darling (organ). St Peter-upon-Cornhill. 12.30
Films: *Atlantic Region* (Canada) and *Diamond People* (Sierra Leone). Commonwealth Institute, Kensington. 12.30 & 1.15
William Tubbs (organ). St Margaret, Lothbury. 1.0
Records of Franck, Chausson. St Giles, Cripplegate. 1.0
Lecture: A Roman Parade Helmet from Ribchester. British Museum. 1.0
Malcolm Hall (organ). St Clement, King William Street. 1.0
Lecture: Stories Behind Pictures, Laurence Bradbury. Tate Gallery, Millbank. 1.0
Ralph Holmes (violin) and Denis Matthews (piano) 2s 6d. Bishopsgate Hall. 1.5
Janette de Roet (piano). Fairfield Hall, Croydon. 1.5
Zoë Moneanu (piano). St Martin-in-the-Fields. 1.5
Lecture: Mediterranean Memories: Both sides of the Iron Curtain, Part 1, Bishop Craske. St Margaret Pattens, Eastcheap. 1.10
Melody Half-hour. St Mary-at-Hill, Eastcheap. 1.15
Lecture: Stained Glass, Mary Chamot. Victoria & Albert Museum, Kensington. 1.15
Records of Walton, Mendelssohn. Holy Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct. 1.15

WED 27 APRIL

Play: *The Executioners*. 5s with snacks. Theatre-Scope, Little Theatre, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane, WC2. 12.15 & 1.15
Films: *Atlantic Region* (Canada) and *Diamond People* (Sierra Leone). Commonwealth Institute, Kensington. 12.30 & 1.15
Films: *Industrial Applications of Ultrasonics*, *Crystal Structure*, and *The Trail of the Litter Lout*. Science Museum, Kensington. 12.45
Margaret Cobb (organ). St Lawrence Jewry-next-Guildhall. 1.0
Lecture: Mesopotamian Flood Tablet. British Museum. 1.0
Lecture: Oeben & Riesener, Mrs Y Crowe, Wallace Collection, Manchester Square. 1.0
The Clarendon Group. Holy Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct. 1.15
Lecture: Rococo I: France, Elizabeth Murdoch. Victoria & Albert Museum, Kensington. 1.15
Kenneth Pitman (organ). St Margaret Pattens, Eastcheap. 1.15

VISITORS' LONDON

ADMIRALTY, Whitehall, SW1. Former administrative and operational centre of the Royal Navy. dates from 1725. Tube: Strand, Trafalgar Square

ALBERT MEMORIAL, Kensington Gardens, SW7. Erected as a memorial to the Prince Consort. Designed by Gilbert Scott. Tube: South Kensington

BILLINGSGATE FISH MARKET, Lower Thames Street, EC3. Since 17th century has become London's principal fish market. Opens 5.0 am. Tube: Monument

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, Victoria Embankment, WC2. 68¼ feet high and weighing 180 tons. While being towed to England in 1877 it was abandoned in the Bay of Biscay during a storm, recovered by another tug and finally reached its destination. This Egyptian obelisk stood in front of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis about 3,500 years ago. Tube: Charing Cross

DOWNING STREET, Whitehall, SW1. 10 Downing Street, the home of the British Prime Minister. No 11, home of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and No 12 is the Government Whip's Office. Tube: Westminster

FLEET STREET, EC4. The heart of the newspaper world, between the Strand and Ludgate Circus. Izaak Walton lived near the corner of Chancery Lane. Tube: Blackfriars, Temple

GRAY'S INN, High Holborn, WC1. Enter through an archway on the north side of High Holborn into one of the four great Inns of Court. Tube: Chancery Lane

KENSINGTON PALACE, Kensington Gardens, W8. The birthplace of Queen Victoria and Queen Mary. Tube: High Street Kensington, Queensway

LONDON PLANETARIUM, Marylebone Road, NW1. Guided tour of the Sky at Night: past, present and future. Every hour. M-Sat 11 am to 6.30 pm. Sun: 1.45-6.30. Admission 4s 6d. Children 2s 6d. Tube: Baker Street

MADAME TUSSAUD'S, Marylebone Road, NW1. The famous and infamous in wax. M-Sun 10.0-7.0. September-March M-F 10.0-6.0. Sat & Sun 10.0-7.0. Adults 6s. Children 3s. Tube: Baker Street

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, Pall Mall, SW1. Built in 1709 by Wren, and subsequently a Royal residence. When not in use for official purposes, conducted tours are available to the public. M-F 12.30, 1.30, 3.30, including the Queen's Chapel. Adults 1s 6d. Children 6d. Weekends & Bank Holidays 2.0-6.0. Tube: Green Park

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7. Built as a memorial to Prince Albert. It seats 7,000 and is used mainly for concerts, boxing and wrestling. Tube: South Kensington

ROYAL OBSERVATORY, Greenwich Park, SE10. Founded by Charles II. Includes planetarium and Transit Circle marking the Meridian. Daily 2.30-5.0, not Th & Sun. Open Sun May-September only

ST JAMES PALACE, SW1. Royal Residence since 1698. Admittance to the Chapel only Sun: 11.15 Service. Tube: St James's Park, Trafalgar Square

SCOTLAND YARD, Victoria Embankment, SW1. Headquarters of Metropolitan Police and the CID. Tube: Westminster

SHELL CENTRE, SE1. One of the largest office blocks in Europe. The Viewing Gallery is 317 feet up. Admission 2s 6d, children 1s. M-Sat 10-5.0

SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL, London Bridge, SE1. Gothic cathedral comparable in architectural magnificence to Westminster Abbey. Tube: London Bridge

STOCK EXCHANGE, Throgmorton Street, EC2. Guides are in attendance to show the working of the Exchange. Public Gallery: M-F 10-3.15

TRAFALGAR SQUARE, WC2. Laid out as a war memorial in 1841, with Nelson's Column 145 feet high to give him a view of the sea. The lions are by Landseer. Tube: Strand, Trafalgar Square

WESTMINSTER HALL, Parliament Square, SW1. Erected in 1097 by William Rufus. Scene of the trials of Charles I, Sir Thomas More and Guy Fawkes. M-F 10-4.0, Sat 10-4.0, during sessions. Tube: Westminster

THE GIRLS THAT BOYS DREAM ABOUT

get harder to find
next week

london life

takes a
hard, cold look at

GIRLS

we sent a photographer out into the streets to picture the dollies and birds swinging through the spring, and we found them wanting . . . wanting charm, elegance, prettiness. Honestly – isn't it time for a change, a change from too short skirts, knee-high boots, angular lines?

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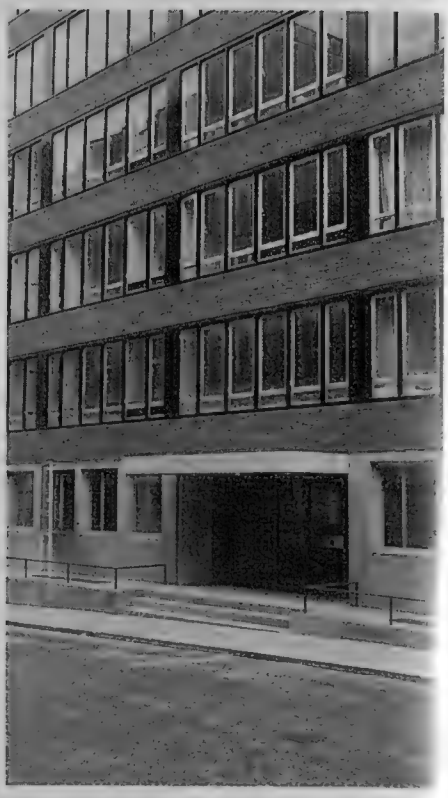
PROPERTY

Number 49 Hill Street is a large block of luxury furnished flats in Mayfair – but with a slight difference. Owned by the Real & Leasehold Management Company, it is run, managed and organised by a vivacious and dynamic woman called Susan Keeble, whose responsibilities include the letting, furnishing, provision of baby-sitters, maids and meals for the occupants of the 60 flats in the block. All her occupants are in some way connected with show business – either musical directors, choreographers, writers, television personalities, film producers or American and Italian businessmen.

She has *never* advertised for tenants – they are all friends of friends of friends. She provides laundry and garage facilities and, not satisfied with all that, is now negotiating for a self-service kitchen arrangement in the basement, where her occupants can buy an evening meal supplied by Nick's Diner.

The flats vary in size and price from 25 guineas a week for a bed-sitter (separate kitchen and bathroom: bed-unit in the living room) to a large spacious two-bedroomed flat at 50 guineas a week. There is a television in every flat (an extra 12s 6d a week), day and night porterage and permanent maid service. Her only stipulation is a minimum letting period of one month.

Susan Keeble wouldn't mention the names of her well-known tenants. She said: "They are all too keen to get out of a hotel and enjoy the privacy of a private flat." So if you want to brush shoulders in the lift with Jules Styne, composer of *Funny Girl*, you might take a bed-sitter there for a month.



The drawing-room of a luxury furnished flat (above) in 49 Hill Street, W1.
No. 17 Clarges Street, W1 (right) which has private parking in the basement for the occupiers.
Kitchen of a flat in St Alban's House, Streatham (below, left).
Model of Southwood Park, Highgate Village (below, right), on the site of the late Lord Southwood's home.

BASEMENT GARAGING

A new block of unfurnished flats at 17 Clarges Street, Mayfair, has just been completed and is ready for letting. Within minutes of Green Park and Hyde Park, the block includes garage space for 17 cars in the basement. You can rent your parking spot for an annual £150 (exclusive) for a minimum of five years. Most of the flats have two bathrooms and private terraces overlooking the garden of the Mirabelle restaurant in Curzon Street. The rent for a five-year lease varies from £550 to £1,200 per annum, which does not include service charges from £190 to £400 per annum. The owners are St Anselm Development Company and the letting agents are Knight, Frank & Rutley (MAY 8171).

FOR NEWLYWEDS

If you want to live in Streatham, are newly married and looking for a house, the Whyatt Development Company have been building with just your requirements in mind. St Alban's House is a four-storey development between Streatham Hill and Streatham Common and offers two-bedroomed flats from £5,000 to £6,750, town houses at £7,950 and luxury penthouses at £10,950. The family houses start at £13,750. All the flats in St Alban's House have lifts, central-heating, coloured bathrooms, TV aerials and waste disposal units. More particulars from Mr Harwood, Whyatt Developments Ltd, 225 Streatham High Road, SW16 (STR 4477).

SOUTHWOOD PARK

Twenty-five minutes from the City by the Northern Line to Highgate takes you to a modern development of 74 flats, hidden by trees and flanked by Hampstead golf courses on one side and Highgate School near by. Among the 14 studios, 28 three-bedroomed flats and 30 two-bedroomed flats, are two large penthouses for sale with roof garden and sun terrace. Prices vary enormously from £8,000 to £15,000 for a 99-year lease; the garages will be let at £65 per annum. The resident manager of the development will supervise the use of the swimming pool and tennis court, all parking arrangments and the children's playing area. The local agents are Sturt & Tivendale (MOU 4496), principal agents Edward Erdman (MAY 8191) and the management company, Real & Leasehold Managements Ltd.

fiona bird

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something to say...

The bare facts

Hasn't the business of Lesley Langley's nudes got just a little out of hand? To read Pat Larthe's letter one would imagine that to be photographed in the buff is the height of depravity. Most girls such as myself who make a pretty good living out of figure work, do not do it because we are starving or have just returned from "the game." We happen to have good figures and enjoy the job.

Really, Lesley, I would not worry too much about being on bare display in a magazine. A few years ago, a girl posed in the nude for a calendar photographer and suddenly shot to fame because of the photograph. Her name, if anyone remembers, was Marilyn Monroe, who managed to make the big time without the undoubted benefit of Miss Larthe's guidance.

June Palmer,
Clapham Common,
SW4

Strike action

Congratulations to Libby Morris on her forthright stand against the National Union of Railwaymen, who, she tells us, did not give sufficient thought to her show *Ad-Lib* when they threatened their rail strike.

All trade unions must learn to take a more responsible attitude towards our national culture, and Miss Morris is quite correct to point out this glaring deficiency in their character.

We have heard other examples of this pernicious thoughtlessness.

The bakers' strike seriously embarrassed the "Rusland Ballet" entertainment and dramatic society's annual pantomime production of *Simple Simon*.

Pies were unobtainable and the entire script had to be altered much to the detriment of this otherwise excellent yearly production. And yet no word of remorse from the heartless bakers!

The dock strike of recent memory totally ruined the Duchess of Alabaster's *soirée* at Alabaster Manor by holding up the delivery of some swizzle sticks specially imported from the Lebanon and this *soirée*, be it noted, was given in aid of the distressed elderly actors' league. Yet another blow against British cultural endeavour.

Wake up, England! Your cultural heritage is being systematically destroyed by those insidious forces of darkness – the British Trade Unions.

Bravo! Miss Morris.

Allan Scott and
Chris Bryant,
The Boltons, SW1

No connection

You refer in the issue of 5 March to "The Victoria Sporting Club and its affiliated company The Golden Nugget." The Golden Nugget is not affiliated to the Victoria Sporting Club, has no connection and never has had. The Golden Nugget is operated by a company named NBT Piccadilly Ltd, and 50 per cent. of the shares are owned by Craywood Clubs Limited, a subsidiary of Mecca Ltd, and 50 per cent. by the New Brighton Tower Company.

The Managing Directors are two directors of Craywood Clubs Ltd and the Chairman a director of Mecca Ltd. You will therefore see that the Club is fully under the direction of Mecca Ltd and has no connection at all with the Victoria Sporting Club.

Eric D. Morley,
Southwark Street,
SE1

Teenage culture

When, oh when, will a lot of those awful songs of the teenagers meet a change of commerce?

They *are* quite awful with the constant ba-a-a-by ba-a-a-by, and oi lerve yer, oi lerve yer, and oi shell doi without cher, and the yelling, whooping and wailing, accompanied by very peculiar noises on guitars, sounding like a would-be Chinese musician learning to play.

How fine if the public could be treated to more real musical talent and vocal ability from these characters and yet still remain "pop."

Is it not up to the recording companies, music publishers and the BBC to do a little more vetting of such production-line products, and now introduce a new phase of real talent where normal English is also sung or spoken?

There are, of course, some quite good and acceptable efforts, but, unfortunately, these are often outweighed by the bad and nonsensical ones.

A study of these mushroom composers of some of the numbers by George Gershwin, Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin and Richard Rogers, to mention a few, should make their faces turn red, assuming that they would understand them, and recognise real talent and professional ability.

Perhaps there is too much money to be made out of the continued exploitation of untalented amateurs?

Walter Corrie,
19 Howard Road,
New Malden,
Surrey

Britain abroad

For many months (18 to be more precise) people have asked me the same question. What do I feel about Britain and the British people?

To compare France and England is such a controversial subject: our countries are traditional neighbours, and our people are so different in character. About five years ago, the image we had was a peculiar one. At that time we thought of the British as gentlemen of dignity and pride, eccentric but amiable. Britain was also the public schools, left-hand drive, whisky, pubs, horses, cups of tea, vicars and gentlemen-farmers. In fact anything that showed the difference between Britain and the rest of the world.

Nowadays it is a modern Britain we have in mind: Britain with long hair and high-heeled boots, with short dresses and white stockings, the exciting Britain of the beat-clubs and the pop groups, Britain with the same eccentricity translated into pop-art. Now you want to be different in another way, shedding the old traditions. London has become the centre of the world, even in fashion. If you want to wear an extremely short dress, the best place to wear it would be in Chelsea. You will be unnoticed (and that applies to long hair too). Wear it in Paris and you would be ridiculed.

We have been friends for a long time. Nevertheless, whatever you might think, the image of Britain is and will still be for us, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and, for a bit of compensation, Julie Christie.

Michel Sydney Smith,
Fleet Street, EC4

Publicity craze

Reading about the "smartest" people running boutiques, eating spaghetti, and all the other wild, mad things they do, makes me feel slightly ill, but what really makes me reach for my leopard-skin sick bag is David Wynne-Morgan's kinky column. Nearly every week we are offered Terence Stamp, the "controversial bachelor." Who is Alexander Plunkett-Green? And can anybody care, even if he is his wife's "elegant" husband; as for Siegi Sessler, he seems to have spent so much money on becoming the best-dressed club owner that he can't afford to take his family anywhere for Easter, except to Butlin's.

I hope you will excuse this hymn of hate against certain aspects of *London Life*, but I think that, while it has many good features, we are not all mindless, chinless, madly gay nits. So please give a little thought to those of your readers who have a little brains, and who don't spend their lives slobbering over activities of publicity-mad nobodies. And that includes Lord Moynihan and his wife's belly.

John Daniel,
Spring Grove Road,
Richmond, Surrey.

Censorship

I am gathering material for a book on censorship in the theatre, cinema, television and publishing. I would be pleased to hear from authors, directors, producers and actors who could furnish me with information of any kind relating to the pros and cons of censorship in Britain.

Charles Hamblett,
3 Chadwick Road,
Chalkwell, Essex

Postage: Inland, 7d. Foreign, 6½d. Subscription rates: Great Britain and Eire, 52 issues £8 5s; 26 issues £4 2s 6d. USA, 52 issues $24.00 (£8 5s). Canada and elsewhere abroad, £8 5s. Please send orders for subscriptions, and notices of change of address, to Subscription Dept., 258 Grays Inn Road, London, WC1 (TER 3311). London Life, incorporating The Tatler, is printed by Gale & Polden Ltd., 28 Craven Street, London, WC2, at the Wellington Press, Aldershot, Hants. London Life is published by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Elm House, 10-16 Elm Street, London, WC1 (TER 1234). April 21, 1966. © ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD.—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

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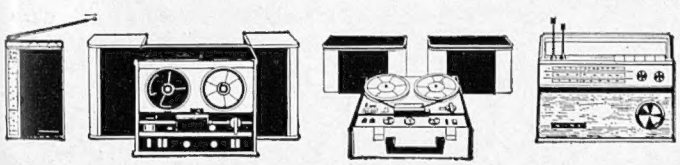

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